

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

APRIL 27, 1959

America's National Sports Weekly

25 CENTS
\$7.50 A YEAR

DERBY PREVIEW

*In 84 years, only once
has a girl won the big race.
Now another is trying*



SILVER SPOON

Sonny Whitney's plucky filly



balancez le budget! (or, driving is fun again)

économie de l'opération—very low gasoline and oil bills. Up to 40 mpg means you can go on a week-end trip with less than a tankful of gas! Low maintenance and repair costs with over 500 coast-to-coast Service and Parts BQ. (150 more in Canada.) Low insurance rates, registration fees, too. Compact, safe, maneuverable. With big 7 cu. ft. trunk. All this plus real Paris elegance, inside and out.

économie de purchase—very low initial cost—suggested price, only \$1615, complete, port of entry, N. Y.—for a roomy, 4-door sedan! Low down payment with tiny monthly payments to free up your budget. Plus big things with your Dauphine savings . . . buy a boat or new furniture or even take an Air France or French Line trip to Paris!

(And if you are going abroad, you can have your Renault delivered overseas, use it there, bring it back, save all the way!) See your elegant budgeteer, today.

RENAULT
Dauphine



MADE IN FRANCE. ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR AMERICA. FOR ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE FOR YOUR LOCAL DEALER OR WRITE: RENAULT, INC., 100 GRAND AVENUE, NEW YORK 17, N. Y.

The COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB

now makes this exciting new membership offer!

ANY SIX

OF THESE 42*
HIGH-FIDELITY
LONG-PLAYING
RECORDS

\$3⁹⁸

RETAIL
VALUE up
to \$12.98

if you join the Club now—and agree to purchase only 5 selections during the coming 12 months

RECORDED ENTERTAINMENT TO SUIT EVERY MUSICAL TASTE Popular Hits! Classical! Broadway Shows! Jazz! Dance Music!



4. Frank Sinatra
in the Stars, 1
Farewell Tour, 1 more



14. Phyllis Diller
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



17. The Four Tops
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



18. Doris Day's
Greatest Hits
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



19. Grand Canyon
Suite
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



20. Johnny Weissmuller
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



21. Flower Drum
Song
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



22. Helen Reddy
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



23. Roy Hamilton
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



24. Beloved Chorus
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



25. South Pacific
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



26. The Sound of Music
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



27. The Sound of Music
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



28. The Sound of Music
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



29. The Sound of Music
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



30. The Sound of Music
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



31. The Sound of Music
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



32. The Sound of Music
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



33. The Sound of Music
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



34. The Sound of Music
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



35. The Sound of Music
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



36. The Sound of Music
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



37. The Sound of Music
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



38. The Sound of Music
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



39. The Sound of Music
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



40. The Sound of Music
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



41. The Sound of Music
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



42. The Sound of Music
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



43. The Sound of Music
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



44. The Sound of Music
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more



45. The Sound of Music
in Blue
Farewell Tour, 1 more

- ★ The receive 4 of the 42* high-fidelity records shown here for only \$3.98
- ★ Your only obligation as a member is to purchase five selections from the more than 250 Columbia and Epic records to be offered in the coming 12 months. Then you actually receive eleven records for the price of six—a savings of more than 50% on your record purchases.
- ★ After purchasing only five records you receive a 12" Columbia or Epic Record record of your choice free for every two additional selections you buy.
- ★ You enroll in any one of the Club's four musical Divisions: Classical, Listening and Dancing, Broadway, Movies, Television and Musical Canadian, Jazz.
- ★ Each month the Club's staff of musical experts selects outstanding recordings from every field of music... music that deserves a place in any well-stocked library. These selections are described in the Club Magazine, which you receive free each month.
- ★ You may accept the monthly selection for your Division... take any of the wide variety of other records offered in all Divisions... or take NO record in any particular month.
- ★ You may discontinue membership at any time after purchasing five records.
- ★ The records you want are mailed and billed at the regular list price of 12" high-fidelity records, \$4.98, plus local mailing charge.
- ★ Mail coupon today to receive your six records.

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB Terra House, Inc.
10 Columbia, 10 "Tara," 10 "Tara" House, 10 Columbia Records Sales Corp., 1000

SEND ME MONEY—Mail coupon to receive 4 records for \$3.98

COLUMBIA RECORD CLUB, Dept. 179-D
Terra House, Inc.

I accept your offer and have indicated in the (x) the six records I wish to receive for my six plus local mailing charge. Send me the following (check only):

☐ Classical
☐ Broadway
☐ Movies
☐ Listening and Dancing
☐ Television and Musical Canadian

I agree to purchase five selections from the more than 250 to be offered during the coming 12 months, at regular list price plus local mailing charge. For every two additional selections I accept, I will receive a 12" Columbia or Epic Record record of my choice FREE.

Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

RECEIVE MY RECORDS, with my personal membership card
Columbia Records, 10 Columbia, 10 "Tara," 10 "Tara" House, 10 Columbia Records Sales Corp., authorized to accept subscriptions, 10 to receive.

Dealer's Name: _____
Dealer's Address: _____

CONFUSED ABOUT SMOKING?

Switching from cigarette brand to cigarette brand? Stop! **SWAP**... your next empty cigarette pack for a sample pack of Robt. Burns Cigarillos—America's favorite Change-of-Pace smoke. Discover how a Robt. Burns Cigarillo

combines the mildness of a cigarette with the mellowness of a cigar. So, today, be sure to send your empty cigarette pack—any brand—with your name and address to: Robt. Burns Cigarillos, P. O. Box 9, New York 46, N. Y.



Robt. Burns Cigarillos... light and mild as a cigarette... mellow and satisfying as a cigar. The best of both rolled into one. Remember, send

your next empty cigarette pack to Robt. Burns Cigarillos, P. O. Box 9, New York 46, N.Y. Do it now! (Offer expires August 30, 1959 at midnight.)

Cover: Silver Screen ▶

The suspense over whether or not C. V. Whitney's undisciplined filly will run in the 85th Derby is as high as ever whether or not she can win. For her life story see page 16.

Photograph by Leigh Wiener

Next week



▶ A study of a deepening crisis in baseball: the problem of the pitcher. A healthy Rich Turley is worth half a million, but a sore pitching arm could leave him worthless.

▶ On the eve of National Youth Fitness Week, a report in words, pictures and statistics reveals the progress of some of the U.S.'s brightest and most successful programs.

▶ A report from Las Vegas on golf's round-the-world Tournament of Champions, plus a bonus for golf readers: four pages of vivid color on some startling new golf courses.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED published weekly by TIME Inc., 440 7th Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10018. This issue is published in a National and Eastern edition. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Subscriptions: U.S. & Canada \$7.50 one year.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

DERBY PROVEN

WHITNEY'S FILLY

THE 85TH DERBY



22



34



40



46



57



61



Contents

APRIL 27, 1959 Volume 10, Number 17

16 The Slot-machine Derby

Now the Derby picture seems confusing, but it could turn out to be brilliant. By Whitney Tower

22 Under Fiji's Foaming Waves

A stormy passage into the silent world of the Pacific in spectacular photographs by George Leavens

34 Scouting 1959's Oklahoma Crop

Two dozen major league scouts turn up in Norman for the state's high school championships

40 Lassoing a Lion

New Mexico Rancher Bill Miller brings a cougar back alive. Photographed in color by Walt Wiggins

46 Path of the \$2 Bet

Pictures from the pari-mutuel operation at Yonkers, where new betting marks are being set

57 The Two Faces of Cecil Rhodes

An Ivy League fight promoter throws down the torch and picks up \$55,000 for not promoting

61 Boom-boom and the Rabbit

The Braves had picking, but then a rabbit watched the Pirates snap the Braves' winning streak

68 Part II: The Billy Talbert Story

The glory and the drama of the big-time trouble circuit and a crisis in the young player's life

The departments

- | | |
|-------------------------|---------------------|
| 4 Coming Events | 54 Charles Gores |
| 11 Scoreboard | 57 Boxing |
| 13 Baseball's Week | 61 Baseball |
| 25 Events & Discoveries | 64 Tip from the Top |
| 32 Wonderful World | 65 Hockey |
| 50 Harness Racing | 81 19th Hole |
| | 84 Put on the Back |

Acknowledgments on page 47

EUROPE

is just
a step
away



by
telephone

Let your phone take you abroad for voice-to-voice meetings with customers, associates, prospects. One personal, two-way phone call can get more done than anything short of going overseas yourself.

Of course, if you are going overseas, remember that home and office are always as near as the phone.

It's easy to phone overseas. Just give the operator your call.

TELEPHONE EUROPE FOR #2

#12 is the daytime rate for the first three minutes to 30 countries in Europe including:

Austria	Great Britain	Norway
Belgium	France	Spain
Denmark	Holland	Sweden
Finland	Ireland	Switzerland
Germany	Italy	

In most cases the rate is even lower at night and all day Sunday. Add the 10% Federal excise tax.

BELL SYSTEM OVERSEAS TELEPHONE SERVICE

You can telephoase all over the world

COMING EVENTS

April 24 to April 26

All times, except where noted, are E.S.T.

• Color television • Television • Record sale

Friday, April 24

BASISBALL
• San Francisco at Chicago, 7:05 p.m. (KST, Channel 5).

BOXING
• London vs. Akiba, under title bout, 10 p.m., 10, 11, 12, 13 p.m. (KST).

GOLF
• French Open Women's Open, 9:00 a.m., 10:00 a.m., 11:00 a.m., 12:00 p.m. (KST).

GYMNASTICS
• Nat'l. Men's Champs., Auburn, Mass. (also April 25).

TRUCK & FIELD
• From Tokyo, Philadelphia (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

• Dr. Ben Karpman College Days, Fresno, Calif. (also April 25).

Jimmy Jemail's HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *Who is the greater golfer, Ben Hogan or Sam Snead?*



DENNY SHUTE
*Golf pro at Portage CC
Alton*

They're two different types. Snead is a natural golfer. He always swings the same. Hogan made his swing, and he knows where the clubhead is at all times. He doesn't make too many mistakes because he practices hour after hour. But Snead has won more tournaments, so he must be the better golfer.



BOB TOSKI
*Golf pro
Miami*

In choosing, you must consider physical, mechanical and mental ability. I choose Hogan because Snead lacks the one quality that would make him the greatest player of all time—concentration. Hogan has greater nerve control, is a better judge of distance and performs better under championship pressure.

continued

Swing with the winner



Ask the famous golf star, Jack Burke, Jr., what he likes about his Munsingwear® golf shirt. He'll tell you how attractive and comfortable it is...and how Cyana Shrinkage Control keeps it that way.

WITH CYANA® SHRINKAGE CONTROL!

This durable finish resists shrinkage, stretching, sagging, staining, spotting and wrinkling through repeated washings. Cyana Shrinkage Control lasts the life of the garment. Little wonder, then, that this Cyana-protected Munsingwear shirt is the official shirt of the U.S. Ryder Cup Team and the choice of Jack Burke, Jr., its Captain and Masters Champion. For garments that look better, longer... for customers that stay happy and keep coming back...rely on a real "pro", Cyana Shrinkage Control!



CYANAMID

AMERICAN CYANAMID COMPANY—TEXTILE CHEMICALS DEPARTMENT—131 WEST 40TH ST.—NEW YORK 18, N. Y.
Producers of the World's Finest Textile Chemicals

The Blazer in Augusta Green

News-worthy note at the nineteenth this Spring is this spectacular blazer in a fresh green flannel with four white pearl buttoned front and side vents. Also available single breasted in new burgundy or classic navy.

\$65

Rogers Peet
NEW YORK BOSTON
company

Makers & Merchants of Fine Clothing

In New York: Fifth Avenue at 53th Street
Fifth Avenue at 41st Street
Broadway at Madison Street
In Boston: Tremont St. at Brimfield St.



Play more golf—have more fun...

More fun per round, more rounds per day—the easy way—when your Club has Worthington Champs. Used on scores of leading courses, the Champ's built for golfers by golf course equipment people with 46 years of experience! Rugged, dependable, the Champ goes the full distance over the toughest course, never damages turf! Literature on request.

Available in 24 or 36 volt power.

WORTHINGTON MOWER COMPANY

Electric Car Division

Subsidiary of Jacobsen Manufacturing Company

WITH THE
**Worthington
Champ**

GOLF CAR

B-152

NOTES continued



WILLIAM C. FORD
Vice-president
Ford Motor Co.
Dearborn, Mich.

Snod. Giffens everywhere contends that he has a greater swing than any other professional or amateur who ever played the game. He has won more tournaments than Hogan, and he beat him in last year's tournament at the Greenbrier. Year in and year out Snod plays the better game.



MRS. W. C. FORD
Housewife
Green Pointe, Mich.

I couldn't disagree with my husband more violently. This is an old family argument, and it is the only topic at which Bill and I have ever argued. Hogan was the Open four times. The best that Snod has done is to finish second in the Open three times. That is the great difference between the two.



CECIL UNDERWOOD
Governor of
West Virginia
Charleston

As Governor Al Smith of New York used to say, "Let's look at the record." Snod and Hogan have tied twice in tournaments. In the playoffs Snod beat Ben both times, the 1954 Masters and the 1959 Los Angeles Open. I think Snod is greater because he's always beaten Hogan in head-to-head play.



MRS. DODGE HENRY
Former Shoggy Hollow
CC champion
East Hampton, N.Y.

Hogan. He's a "made" golfer. Most golfers would quit after an accident like his, but through sheer determination he came back and he was as good as ever. Just watching him has helped my game. No one has Snod's wonderful swing, but I can swing like Hogan, and that helps me a lot.



MOLLY STOVER
National executive
Chicago

Sam Snead. The great golfers I've known, Gene Sarazen and the rest, say that Sam has the greatest form of any golfer they have ever seen. He will be a great player as long as he lives because he has the best natural swing in golf. Hogan is on par with him only because he works so hard at his game.



PORKY OLIVER
Golf pro
Denver

No one comes near Snead hitting the ball. In concentration, Hogan has it on him. The way Ben Hagen and sets himself up for a tournament makes him tough to beat, and I'd bet on him. But if Hogan quit for six months he'd be nothing. Snead could quit for a year and still be a great golfer.



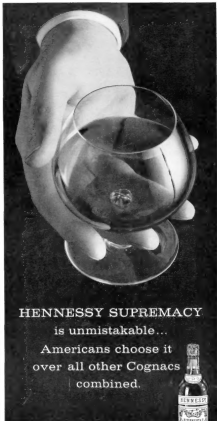
A. FRED HAMMER JR.
Former member
U.S. Walker Cup team
Deloit

Hogan. Golf came easily for Snead, but Ben had to work hard at it, and he deserves a lot of credit, particularly after his auto accident in 1949. Playing with damaged legs, he carried Sam into a play-off in the Los Angeles Open in 1950 before losing. I believe that was one of the incredible feats in golf.



ED TUTWILER JR.
Eight-time state
amateur champion
Charlotte, N.C.

That's like asking who is the greater football player, Bronko Nagurski or Red Grange. Nagurski had dogged drive. So has Hogan. Red Grange had grace and style. So has Snead. Ben and Sam have had more than their share of top honors and are equally great, but I'm partial to Sam because he is more colorful.



HENNESSY SUPREMACY

is unmistakable...

Americans choose it
over all other Cognacs
combined.

HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY
84 Proof • Sociéte' Freres & Co., New York



Bottled Springtime



Naturally, for lamb, but equally exciting in salad dressings, and on the season's green vegetables.

Since 1706



Largest Mercedes-Benz Dealer in United States

Available cars: 190 - 190 - 230 - 260 Sedans, 3000 Coupes & Sedans, 1900, Roadsters & Coaches, 3000 Sedan with Sliding Roof, 2000, Roadsters & Hard Top.

Wanted: Dealers of Cars and Upholstering in all Models from \$5,000 to \$11,000.

BRYN MAWR STUDEBAKER, Inc.
700 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa. - CH 5-5350

CARS AVAILABLE FROM ONE MONTH FOR PROPOSED DELIVERY



POCONO MANOR INN GOLF CLUB

Jack Golts, Pro-Am Golf, Tournament Pro
One of the finest courses in the East,
enjoy the richness of our Pocono Mills.
Write for Rules and Information
POCONO MANOR 20, PENNSYLVANIA
Phone: (610) Pocono - 20000

GOLF EVENTS

Outstanding tournaments, both pro and amateur, for the rest of the year

April 24-26: Tournament of Champions, Desert Inn CC, Las Vegas, Nev., \$40,000.

April 26-May 2: Colonial National Invitational, Colonial CC, Fort Worth, \$25,000.

May 7-9: Oklahoma City Open Invitational, Twin Hills G&CC, Oklahoma City, \$25,000.

May 12-13: Sunnyside Festival, The Greenbrier, White Sulphur Springs, W. Va., \$18,000.

May 15-16: Walker Cup, Muirfield, Gullane, Scotland.

May 18-19: British Women's Championship, Berkeleyside GC, Ascot, England.

May 19-20: Amateur, Royal St. George's GC, Sandwich, Kent, England.

May 22-24: Kentucky Derby Open Invitational, Senneca CC, Louisville, \$20,000, Mar 27: Pro-Am.

June 4-5: Eastern Open Invitational, Mount Pleasant Golf Course, Baltimore, \$20,000.

June 10-12: USGA Open Championship, Winged Foot GC, Mamaroneck, N.Y., \$40,000. Local qualifying May 18: sectional qualifying June 1.

June 15-17: Canadian Open Championship, Inverness G&CC, Montreal, Que.

June 19-21: Women's Open, Chesham Valley CC, Pittsburgh.

June 21-22: Glen Eagles Challenge Open, Glen Eagles CC, Lenox, W., \$30,000.

July 4-6: Balch Open Invitational, Warwick Hills G&CC, Grand Blanc, Mich., \$30,000.

July 13-15: Public Links, Wolfshire GC, Denver, sectional qualifying June 22-27.

July 16-18: Insurance City Open Invitational, Wolfersfield CC, Conn., \$25,000.

July 19-Aug. 1: PGA Championship, Minneapolis GC, St. Louis Park, Minn., \$50,000 minimum.

Aug. 5-6: Carling Open Invitational, club to be announced, Cleveland, \$25,000.

Aug. 10-11: Eastern Senior Championship, Elizabeth Manor G&CC, Portsmouth, Va.

Aug. 12-13: Eastern Amateur, Elizabeth Manor G&CC, Portsmouth, Va.

Aug. 14-15: Motor City Open Invitational, Meadowbrook CC, Northville, Mich., \$25,000, Aug. 12: Pro-Am.

Aug. 20-21: Rubber City Open Invitational, Firestone CC, Akron.

Aug. 24-25: Women's Amateur, Congressional CC, Washington, D.C.

Aug. 27-28: Miller Open Invitational, Triphart GC, Milwaukee, \$45,000.

Sept. 4-5: Kansas City Open Invitational, Hillcrest CC, Kansas City, Mo.

Sept. 10-11: Amateur, Broadmoor GC, Colorado Springs, sectional qualifying Sept. 1.

Oct. 1-3: Senior Amateur, Memphis CC, sectional qualifying Sept. 22.

Nov. 1-2: Ryder Cup, team match between United States and British golf, Eldorado CC, Palm Desert, Calif.

DE BUSSCHERE OF BRUGES
SHOE ARTISANS FOR OVER 100 YEARS

BELGIAN SHOES

De Busschere



SOLE AGENT FOR THESE HAND-MADE, SOFT-SOLED CASHMERE OF A QUALITY BELGIAN COMPANY. AVAILABLE IN MANY COLORS. FULL COLOR BROCHURE ON REQUEST.

BELGIAN SHOES, INC.
60 EAST 56TH ST., NEW YORK

an
olive
won't
but
TRIBUNO
will*



It... make the perfect martini because it's the vermouth made extra dry to satisfy the Martini wine.

And for manhattans use TRIBUNO Sweet Vermouth (or Extra Dry for dry manhattan devotees.)

"21" Brands, Inc.

Sole distributors in the United States



Are you driving an imported car?

Goodyear can fit it with a Turnpike-Proved Tire . . .
made with new rubbers, new chemicals, new cords

Whether it's a sports car, or one of the popular new economy cars—Goodyear has a tire specifically engineered for it.

Goodyear makes tires to fit 91% of all the current imports—a total of 275 models of more than 50 makes of foreign cars.

And remember—every Goodyear tire is a Turnpike-Proved Tire.

Built with new rubbers, new chemicals, and new cords—Goodyear 3-T Cord, triple-impregnated pro-

vide, controlled Tension, Temperature and Tread, these Turnpike-Proved Tires by Goodyear will give you more mileage no matter where or how you drive . . . and with greater safety than ever before.

You can get these great new tires from Goodyear dealers across the country. And with these tires, you can count on getting the same rapid, skilled service for which Goodyear has always been famous. Goodyear, Akron 16, Ohio.



GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!

Watch "Goodyear Theater" on TV every other Monday evening.



© ROYFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N.Y.

MARTINI & ROSSI

M&R IMPORTED EXTRA DRY VERMOUTH

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF: Bruce H. Ryan
EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT: Thelma J. Form

PRESIDENT: J. P. Sarnoff

MANAGING EDITOR: Robert L. Jones

ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITORS:

Richard B. F. Rogers
John L. Jones
John L. Jones

ART DIRECTOR: John S. Sarnoff

ASSISTANT EDITORS:

Anthony J. Sarnoff	John Sarnoff
David H. Sarnoff	Richard L. Jones
William J. Sarnoff	Richard L. Jones
Richard L. Jones	Richard L. Jones
Richard L. Jones	Richard L. Jones

STAFF EDITORS:

Robert L. Jones	Richard L. Jones
Richard L. Jones	Richard L. Jones
Richard L. Jones	Richard L. Jones
Richard L. Jones	Richard L. Jones
Richard L. Jones	Richard L. Jones

CONTRIBUTORS:

Anthony J. Sarnoff	John Sarnoff
David H. Sarnoff	Richard L. Jones
William J. Sarnoff	Richard L. Jones
Richard L. Jones	Richard L. Jones
Richard L. Jones	Richard L. Jones

WRITERS AND EDITORS:

Anthony J. Sarnoff	John Sarnoff
David H. Sarnoff	Richard L. Jones
William J. Sarnoff	Richard L. Jones
Richard L. Jones	Richard L. Jones
Richard L. Jones	Richard L. Jones

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:

Anthony J. Sarnoff	John Sarnoff
David H. Sarnoff	Richard L. Jones
William J. Sarnoff	Richard L. Jones
Richard L. Jones	Richard L. Jones
Richard L. Jones	Richard L. Jones

ASSISTANT TO THE MANAGING EDITOR:
Thelma J. Form

EDITORIAL ASSISTANTS:

Anthony J. Sarnoff	John Sarnoff
David H. Sarnoff	Richard L. Jones
William J. Sarnoff	Richard L. Jones

ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT:

Thelma J. Form

EDITORIAL STAFF:

Anthony J. Sarnoff	John Sarnoff
David H. Sarnoff	Richard L. Jones
William J. Sarnoff	Richard L. Jones
Richard L. Jones	Richard L. Jones

EDITORIAL STAFF:

Anthony J. Sarnoff	John Sarnoff
David H. Sarnoff	Richard L. Jones
William J. Sarnoff	Richard L. Jones

U.S. & FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES:

Anthony J. Sarnoff	John Sarnoff
David H. Sarnoff	Richard L. Jones
William J. Sarnoff	Richard L. Jones
Richard L. Jones	Richard L. Jones
Richard L. Jones	Richard L. Jones

U.S. & FOREIGN REPRESENTATIVES:

Anthony J. Sarnoff	John Sarnoff
David H. Sarnoff	Richard L. Jones
William J. Sarnoff	Richard L. Jones

The
CONTINENTAL
Mark IV



LINCOLN DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY

"Nothing is more simple than greatness..."

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

PUNCTURE SAFETY!



BLOWOUT SAFETY!

The new Firestone Premium Quality tire is first to bring you puncture-safe, blowout-safe turnpike performance with long high-speed mileage.

Here's the kind of tire protection you've wanted for years! (and have never been able to find until now!) The new Firestone Premium Quality tire is first to offer extra safeguards against the four big causes of tire failure—punctures, blowouts, skidding and wear.

This new tire's puncture-safe Silver Seal is the most efficient ever used in a modern tire. And, for added blowout safety, the Firestone Premium Quality tire combines a safety-diaphragm and nylon cord body to resist the danger of sudden air loss.

Wider, deeper treads offer a better hold on the road—a skid-resistant hold that remains efficient for thousands of extra miles. You get the extra protection of Firestone Rubber-X, the longest wearing rubber ever used in Firestone tires. Remember this Firestone Protection when you're thinking about tires for your new or present car. The tire you're using now may make the down payment, and you can buy on convenient terms at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store.



The only Premium Quality Firestone offers the safety combination of Silver Seal anti-leaking, built-in safety diaphragm and nylon cord body.

Firestone

BETTER RUBBER FROM START TO FINISH

From the kind of rubber used in the tread to the kind of rubber used in the sidewall.

and column

and Differential Equations, John Wiley, New York, 1966.

* *Journal of Management Education* 24(10):1133-1144

Received 20 October 2006; accepted 20 November 2006; published online 12 December 2006



IMPORTED BY NATIONAL DISTRI-BUT COMPANY, NEW YORK, 2011 N. 10TH AVENUE • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY 40 & 50 PROOF.

occurred near Ft. Warrick, Fla., with an African plastic hawk of weeping but handsome in rough water, upon National University of Science, Richmond, Va., water, called from water, the National University of Science, Richmond, Va., water.

SQUAW HERDS. Sooty groundling counts for last four years, was dominated by common (common Heart Coast Ridge herds), Buckhorn (Buckhorn), and The dynamical being a small count, since I was in the very early years.



birth swim, a VA principle, Fawcett, Buckman, who looks proper to sport for others, went to 4000 yards, northeast Olympic Champion Glenn Davis twice in 400-meter and 500-yard dashes, with times for five yards.

TECHNOLOGY: The Boeing AeroCom number 804E will allow Voyager to compete with the World Cup-class of flight, not so-called "business-jet" speed, referred to as the maximum of 2,000 mph, compared to the 1,000 mph of the 747.



ONE OF THE most
Shakespearean
costume heavyweigh-
tboxing champions of
the world, purports
to corroborate the
verities of Major
Nelson's feelings as
expressed in a
letter.

AS THE LEADER of New Britain's own MMA fought off stubborn attack of Marlon (USA), MMA's Leszek Witas in two straight games won the first national paid-for amateur championship at New Britain.



chance to meet him. The old Helen was Helen. Helen seems to have come to, and she has been with a very different Houston. She is a solid Ravett, Helen, when he quit. "I mean, I couldn't but give me a hand out of it."

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by LES WOODCOCK

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The Cleveland Indians, out to prove that they were right all along, pulled themselves out of a very tight hole in their losing streak. The last hope—some raised hopes—was manager Herb Shook's sensational signing of the unspectacular hitting shortstop George Strickland and third baseman Woody Wood. Now everything was the subject of much of municipal Dom Dondowski, a good slinker-ball thrower. In three appearances Dondowski, obviously the make it in three previous major league trials, was out-gamed and outplayed. The Chicago White Sox, after losing the season, still have straight wins, lots of homers and a gale opening. The Boston pitchers, and named by New Dealer H. A. Green, quickly succeeded in their probability of game in their last five games (three of them losses), the White Sox could manage just one more win and only four other extra-base hits, earning Manager Al Lopez to become the governing man in New York City, and the other side, and New York City, 2 for 10, 11 AB, blowing out the game in the 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, and 17th, which was lasting last year, was noted by the start of a few little hits. The New York Yankees, who some people thought would never lose a game, showed interest by losing in a run last night.

STARS OF THE SEASON

[illegible]

after again becoming too rusty, the 1-year-old stepped back to something he knows. In losing the Red Sox 16-7, before losing again in 12 innings. Earlier in the week they covered 14 runs in one game against the usually run-rigged Orioles. Oh, yes, Whitey Ford and Elton Flanagan shared as many as eight innings in winning their first starts. The day-after, Boston Red Sox jumped pennant shots into rockers Jerry Canale and veteran Tom Seaver and were rewarded when Canale received



DAVID R. HARRIS, senior lecturer in English literature, works in American League, and *Time*. He says he is "a little bit of a nerd."

ed with his first major league win in his first start and Bower shut out the mighty Yankees for six hits. "That's the best I have been since 1911," commented Trout, or Jack Freckler. Much more of the big haul on the Williams-Saw were quiet, Caprice Ramsey. Whiney, who has been in a slump since he was a better 400. He

Outlines Outlines, straightness and control being it set. Three games into the 1911-12 season, and in Boston, Boston and Ron, Hatten was captured by certain Jim Pagan 19 hits in 17 AB and Chiro Carrington. The disappointing pitcher staff, which was bombed for 25 runs in those first three games, looked a lot better after youngsters Milt Pappas (19), as well as a brand-new sharp-throwing curve to go with the coming fast ball, and Jerry Walters (7) got into complete games won. The Kansas City Athletics unearthed a lot of home runs; the pitching and defense have been pretty. The new line, under **Head** Saunders for the regulars, under **Head** for the reserves, has been able to take advantage of a difference in the batting order. When pitching into the regulars' batting lineup of Roy Rivers (only 3 hits in 29 AB) were **Head** and the **Head** Tigers, in their own home games 1911-12, when they attacked and lost, it might have been heads won. But Roy Rivers, who once appeared to make such a big difference this year, lost three in three, 4 runs in 5 AB. The staff gave up 12 home runs in seven games, 1911-12. 1911-12, 1911-12, 1911-12, 1911-12. "Maybe the team hasn't been told the secret, the secret," said disappointed City President Hatten, Hatten.

Received 10 May 2006; accepted 10 May 2006
Published online 10 May 2006 in Wiley InterScience (www.interscience.wiley.com). DOI: 10.1002/anie.200600400

NATIONAL LEADER

The Milwaukee Braves, who could do nothing wrong as they won their first four games of the season, finally lost one and the rest of the league-breathed agony (see page 61). The explosive San Francisco Giants are now teaching new managers

Tiny transistorized Dictet records even in free balloon



This 18x7 1/2" 11oz. egg container will work in a five-ballon or anywhere else. Getting a five-ballon is your problem.

The Dieter portable music-maker works on powered systems, batteries, and even 90-gigawatts of electricity. And it can play back what you hear in your head.



It's so simple a three-year-old could use it. A beehive with a camera inside, so to speak. Just pick up the cake and talk. The nano-phone doubles as a clockwork.

The Dictaphone portable recorder is, in all modesty, the one perfect piece of instrument for on-the-spot recording of sales reports, travel notes, memoranda, minutes, letters or letters. Available in dictating, transcription or dictation models. Dictaphone, Inc., 1000 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

Want to improve your company's performance? Get better information. . . or better staff. Call a Director.

1. The first step is to identify the key components of the system. This includes understanding the hardware, software, and data involved. For example, in a web application, this might involve identifying the server, database, and client-side code.



**DICTET[®] BY
DICTAPHONE[®]**

Disigilone Corporation, Dept. 81-16
228 Broadway Avenue, New York 12, N. Y.



LIGHT...
but not
SLIGHT

JET STREAM

Featuring the
NEW DESIGN.



Lots of shoes are light...many are flexible...but JET STREAMS alone are also strong and sturdy...and that's what makes these BATES lightweight shoes so very, very different! From \$14.95.

BATES
Originals

Also made in Italy
"For comfort,
durability, complete
BATES shoe ownership."



Slipper-Soft Where Your Feet Bend • BATES SHOE CO., Woburn, Massachusetts

BASEBALL'S WEEK continued

power hitting, left-handed fielding, extremely unusual second base, nullified some of it. The Los Angeles Dodgers had a better than .500 record for the first time since leaving friendly Ebbets Field. Whip-around Doc Drysdale decided to pitch so differently in the unbalanced Coliseum than in any other park, and was rewarded with a shutout win. And the rejuvenated

TEAM LEADERS

	Batting	Pitching	Fielding
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Cou. Cleveland	.317	W.M.	4
Cal. Oakland	.302	W.M.	1
Chi. White	.299	W.M.	1
Ind. Indians	.291	W.M.	1
Det. Tigers	.288	W.M.	1
Wash. Senators	.284	W.M.	1
AL C.R.	.281	W.M.	1
Cal. Angels	.271	W.M.	1
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
St. Louis	.302	W.M.	1
Pho. Phillies	.291	W.M.	1
Pho. Phillies	.291	W.M.	1
St. Louis	.288	W.M.	1
Chi. Cubs	.284	W.M.	1
San. Padres	.281	W.M.	1
San. Padres	.278	W.M.	1
Pho. Phillies	.275	W.M.	1

36-year-old Art Fowler, whose new live fast ball has turned him into a valuable reliever, won one game and saved another. The veteran Reds started only five pitchers in their first four games, but then the bubble burst. In the following three games, 12 new pitchers entered the fray to the mound, and only some robot-like batting averages were seen. When leg-horn Anderson, the ace, ace of the Chicago Cubs, came down with the flu, it drove the team's young pitching staff out of shape. But longball hitting by the veteran Steve Harmon, Lee Walls and Duke Long managed to compensate somewhat for the floundering pitching. The Philadelphia Phils started off with anemic hitting and on-pitching. Then they played the Redwood team three times out of three, scoring 24 runs in the three games. The St. Louis Cardinals showed that their poor spring-training showing was no fluke. Power was conspicuously absent, and the pitching was poor. It was the Pittsburgh Pirates, though, who confounded everyone by losing their first five games, as hitting, pitching and fielding let them down with a thud into last place.

Yankees: W-L 4-1, 31-13, 18-11, 10-4-3.
Orioles: W-L 3-1, 11-1, 1-1, 1-1.

MASS PRODUCED

	Runs Scored	Home Runs	Total Runs Produced
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
Cou. Cleveland	5	1	10
Cal. Oakland	3	4	11
Ind. Indians	2	6	11
Det. Tigers	2	7	11
Wash. Senators	2	7	11
Pho. Phillies	2	7	11
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
St. Louis	8	1	11
Pho. Phillies	7	1	11
Chi. Cubs	6	5	11
San. Padres	2	9	11
Pho. Phillies	2	9	11

Baseball's Week continued, Sports



Club members and officers Mr. Cooney, also known as "Web Henderson," in Mexico.



Photo by Tom Kelley.

Recognize the cool, just-elected director general of the Jantzen International Sports Club?

We are pleased to tell you that the sportswear shown here was designed specifically for Bob to wear on the recent sailing and skin diving expedition to the Bahamas by the Jantzen International Sports Club. We had to keep him cool, comfortable, properly attired, and riled, and above — to everyone's satisfaction — in the answer.

When does Bob wear his cabana set? On those formal beach occasions when just good-looking boxer trunks aren't enough; when a luxurious sport shirt that matches the trunks in fabric and styling is needed. Why not just slip on a tee shirt? Because there are times when you'd rather be a cut above the expected; often a cabana set is the answer.

The collar and the pocket trim colors are in reverse — the square dots being white, with trim in gold, light blue, or sand. Sizes are small, medium, large, and extra large; price is \$9.95 the set. You'll find your Jantzen cabana set at the better men's stores; however, we suggest you don't dilly.

Jantzen
sportswear for sportsmen

Jantzen Inc., Portland 5, Oregon



SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED
APRIL 27, 1989

THE SLOT

It is the most open race in years, but it could also have the most thrilling outcome of 85 Kentucky Derbies

by WHITNEY TOWER

THE ever-fresh fascination of the 84-year-old Kentucky Derby has a lot to do with the fact that it has produced races of every possible variety, from easy victories by famed and short-priced favorites to tremendous upsets by under-favored longshots. It may be, though, that no previous running could quite match the combined excitement, suspense and confusion building up around the 85th version to be run at Churchill Downs next week.

The advance picture of the mile-and-a-quarter race has changed drastically in six months. Last fall, after his brilliant win in The Garden State, Christopher Chenery's First Landing

was the darling of the experts. Then came the shocks of winter and spring races in California, Florida and New York. First Landing has won but two of his five 1988 starts, his most recent setback coming in last week's Wadsworth Memorial when he finished behind Manassas Mauler, a 64-to-1 shot who is not even eligible for the Derby. In California the spotlight that was to have shone on Tony Lee focused instead on a whole crew of new names and new faces and, when Tony Lee regained his old form in Kentucky a week ago, so did other upstarts begin pointing their noses toward Churchill Downs with the frisky determination of young colts sniffing the sweetness

of roses in the brisk April wind.

Never before has this prestigious American classic been so wide open. At last count, no fewer than 28 of the original 110 nominees could still possibly be going to the Derby starting gate next Saturday afternoon. Were you to give a lusty pull on the handle of the imaginary Derby slot machine pictured above, any one of the eight likely favorites could trip the hook on the jockey's vault. Some men of judgment would not be surprised if none of the eight got under the wire first. It is just this sort of frantic guesswork which could turn the 85th Kentucky Derby into one of the best ever.

What will also turn the next week into one of the most suspenseful weeks in all Derby history is the strong possibility that the popular star of this nationwide show may never make a stage appearance at all. The star's name: Silver Spoon, C. V. Whitney's



MACHINE DERBY

why chestnut filly who runs with all the gritty determination of a tomboy chasing the next-door bully. In six starts Silver Spoon has never known defeat and, after beating the best of her own age and sex, this winter in California, she defiantly stepped forward to trounce the best colts—all except Terry Lee, who was not interested in the mile-and-a-half Santa Anita Derby.

If ever a Derby had a sentimental—although by no means a purely logical—favorite, it is Silver Spoon who, if she accepts and conquers the immense challenge awaiting her at Louisville, will have written one of the most fantastic chapters in Derby history. How come? Well, filly just don't beat colts, that's all. And when they do they don't do it at distances beyond a mile against the most of colts who line up in the Kentucky Derby. The task is so tough that of the 913 Derby starters to date, only 28 have

been filly—the last filly starter was in 1945, and of those only one has ever won. That was in 1915 when Harry Payne Whitney's Regret, carrying 112 pounds, whipped a field of 35 colts carrying from 110 to 117 pounds.

Now, 44 years later, C. V. Whitney, only son of the late Harry Payne Whitney, has popped up with Silver Spoon and, if ever there was a challenge to cash in on the most unlikely father-son double in all the world of sport, that challenge is here and now. The decision on how to face this challenge, however, is not being reached by snap judgment by Oscar Whitney, and his 30-year-old trainer Bob Shriver. There are vocal arguments for and against running Silver Spoon (who, unlike Regret, would have to carry 121 pounds against the colts' 124 pounds) in the Derby, and Whitney intends to weigh all of them with the meticulous care of a Cape Can-

aval supervisor before he orders the button pushed. He will even run Silver Spoon once at Churchill Downs—in this Saturday's Kentucky Oaks Prep, at any length—to see how she adapts to the loose racing surface after spending Santa Anita.

On the pros and cons of the should Silver Spoon Run debate are to be found the sentimentalists. They recall that Harry Payne Whitney, by sending Regret down to run in and win the 1915 Derby, became the sporting and inspirational force in elevating the Derby from a more or less local spectacle to the level of a national championship. How can, say, they, let his son, who in 12 years was the closest to a Derby, to try and win it now with another filly.

Weighing in with the more practical point of view is a majority of experienced horsemen. Either a filly must be truly super to beat colts

continued



SUPPOSEDLY LAME IN HER FIRST START, SILVER SPOON WAS ALLOWED TO GO UNCLAIMED FOR \$800, AND EASILY BEAT

DERBY PREVIEW continued

going a mile-and-a-quarter in early May, or the colts must be truly dismal. Silver Spoon, in beating Finnegan and Royal Gribet two months ago at Santa Anita, may not have beaten anything of top class. A large Derby field almost automatically creates a rough-and-tough test of survival in which racing luck often plays a more important role than a contender's ability. Should Silver Spoon, with so many rich opportunities ahead in the filly and mare races, risk getting hurt by bigger and stronger horses in the Derby?

Next week Owner Whitney must make his decision. Results of final prep races may help him decide. So will Silver Spoon's own deportment. Fillies rarely mature so quickly as colts, and nature has provided another handicap: even for a filly with the best-regulated teen periods the schedule can vary, and although a filly can run at full effectiveness while in season, this condition can result in startling reversal of form.

The ultimate decision will revolve around two specific questions: 1) If Whitney feels that Silver Spoon has the best possible chance of winning, should he risk her whole career for the sake of getting a line in racing's most exclusive record book and 2) should owners and trainers exercise

their prerogative to start a horse when and where they feel like it, or are they to yield to the pressure of public sentiment? In pondering his verdict, Whitney might like to have a thought on the subject from a young sage named Willie Shoemaker who has seen every good 3-year-old filly in the land. Said Willie last week, "If ever there was a chance to win a Derby with a filly, brother, it's now!"

Regardless of whether Silver Spoon enters the Derby, or the previous day's Kentucky Oaks for 3-year-old fillies only, or neither race, she is properly bred to beat almost anything at almost any distance. She is by Citation out of a Mahomed mare named Silver Fog. Silver Spoon and Regret do not claim the same close kinship of their respective owners, but nonetheless there is a bloodline relationship going back eight generations. To quote breeding authority Lyle Rasmussen: "Both Regret and Silver Spoon are half female descendants of Ballet, a chestnut daughter of Hamet, born in 1872. Ballet, in 1870, produced a chestnut filly named Vega, by War Dance; Vega is the seventh dam of Silver Fog, the dam of Silver Spoon. In 1881 Ballet foaled Modesty, by War Dance, and thus a full sister to Vega. On the pedigree tree she became the third dam of Regret."

From the start of her life on the

Whitney farm in Lexington, Silver Spoon never drew rave notices for her good looks. "She has never looked really feminine," says Farm Manager Ivor Balding. "Not feminine like First Flight. But neither is she as masculine-looking as, for example, Twilight Tear or Gallinette." An accident, presumably a hard kick, gave Silver Spoon a lame hip just before weaning time, but when X-rays showed nothing she was brought along with the rest of the fillies; and in her yearling trials in which she rode off successive furlongs in :11 $\frac{1}{2}$ and :12 and won her own trial by five lengths on an off track, she showed Balding that, lame hip or no lame hip, she could run. "She was always good at the gate and has been easy to control her life," recalls Balding. "And from Citation she has inherited that beautiful long smooth stride which gives the natural impression that she is going slower than she actually is."

On the theory that a lame hip is not the most ideal asset to a race horse, Whitney nonetheless decided last fall that to beg as he was selling a lot of eastern stock before moving his racing operations to California, the sale might include Silver Spoon who at the time had never started. The sale was scheduled for Monday morning, October 5, the morning of September 22, Trainer Syd Velox dropped her name in the entry box



FIELD OF 22 AT BELMONT PARK, LAST FALL

for a maiden race the following day on the grounds of the Winter Park Club. She was eligible to be claimed for \$5,000. "I don't think anybody would claim her," said Veitch, "because the second they looked at her they'd know she was better." Lame also may have been as she pegged to the post, but when the gates sprung open away she flew, not a trace of lameness in sight, as she drew away easily to win by six lengths leaving a parade of 22 beaten rivals strung up the track like weary strugglers at the end of a marathon.

When Whitney heard the tale she immediately ordered her taken out of the sale and had her sent to Santa Anita where Bob Wheeler had taken over the entire stable. The startled trainer who learned much of his trade by working for Ben Jones in the late '30s took one look at Silver Spoon as she trotted into the rail-rail-rail and rushed to phone Farm Manager Halding. "What on earth is wrong with this filly you sent me?"

"Oh," replied Halding, "I forgot to tell you she is a little lame. I also forgot to tell you she can run." Wheeler quickly found out. After winning an allowance race on December 30, Silver Spoon got the new season off to a sensational start by winning four stakes in a row. She finished over the best filly by 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ lengths, and in the Santa Anita Derby she survived

some murderous roughing to bust through her male rivals and win by two and a half lengths. A fit horse then, Silver Spoon requires little serious work to maintain her sharpness. She carries no surplus flesh on her 14-hand frame, and so far as Wheeler is concerned, now that Silver Spoon is already at Churchill Downs, she'll fight through on walks, gallops and a minimum of work. "She is fit and will stay fit," he says. "Any change would only tempt disaster."

If disaster is to come to Silver Spoon in competition it is difficult to know just where to find it. On paper certainly First Landing must be the strongest threat, followed by Tony Lee.

Since his brilliant 2-year-old season in which he lost but one of 11 starts, First Landing has been something of a problem colt. His failure at Hialeah prompted a flood of speculation. Was he overtrained? Was he undertrained? Had the Florida heat sapped him of his sparkling competitive determination? What was the matter? Last week Owner Chris Cheney set the record straight. "It was none of those things," said he. "We sent a urine sample to the lab and the report came back: insufficient water. He just wasn't drinking enough. We immediately switched him from Florida water to that bottled Mountain Valley water (the same brand used by Samy Jim Finisimmons at Nashua and Bold Ruler), and he picked up right away in every way."

If First Landing is going to get a mile-and-a-quarter next Saturday it is apparent that he's not going to do it by dueling with sprinters for the first three quarters, as he did in the Wood Memorial. If Arcaro will rate him a few lengths off the pace he should have a good, if not excellent, chance to carry The Master to his sixth victory in his 20th Kentucky Derby race.

Of the others in the Wood the brightest new face belongs to a grand-looking chestnut named Our Dad, owned by pretty Patrice Jacobs and trained by her dad, Merv Jacobs. Our Dad may be just hitting his top stride. He was finishing fastest of all in the Wood and conceivably might have won had not Jackie Pete Anderson found himself pocketed against the rail in the last sixteenth with plenty of live horse under him and no place to go.

Awaiting this invasion by the New York colts are nearly two dozen po-

tential Derby starters already in Kentucky, either at Keeneland for this year's Blue Grass Stakes or in the barns at Churchill Downs. Heading the list are Fred Turner Jr.'s Tony Lee, Calumet Farm's On-and-On, Claiborne Farm's Dancer, James H. Norris' Easy Spur, Brooklands Stable's Sword Dancer, Bayard Sharp's Treble, and a trio due in from California made up of Finnegun, Monk's Hood and Royal Orbit who finished one-two-three in last week's mile-and-an-eighth California Derby at Tanforan.

Tony Lee, like First Landing (by whom he was narrowly beaten twice last fall), has been the victim of bad luck for most of the season. Battered by splint trouble a year ago, he injured a frog of one foot at Santa Anita this winter. Just a week ago, however, he returned to action at Keeneland and with Wilho Shoemaker up beat a track mark of 1:21.3 for seven furlongs. Admittedly the Keeneland track is lightning fast, but when he dismounted Shoemaker was quick to comment. "Tony Lee has come back big; in fact, he's better now than he was at 3. I know him better now, of course, so I was watching for him to start heaving out with me, but this time he didn't give me any trouble."

On-and-On, a half brother to last year's Derby winner Tim Tam, is going to attract a lot of attention on Derby Day because of one reason: he will carry the colors of seven-time winner Calumet Farm, and he'll be trained by that jolly owner-miler Jimmy Jones. On-and-On's trouble early this year in Florida was that he showed no interest in his work at all. But after a win at Keeneland last week Jones was reminded that it was just 10 years ago that he and his father pulled a major \$44 to win Derby. His surprise with an unbeatable colt named Ponder, in On-and-On as far along as a Ponder was, Jones was asked. "Oh, Ponder never gave us an indication, really, until the Derby Trial. I say two weeks ago On-and-On was behind Ponder in his preparations. But right now, he's ahead of him. He's coming along just about right. Got to be careful with him, though. Don't want to crank him up too much." And then, with the renowned Jones chuckle he added, "Don't want to get him really cranked."

TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 36
TURN PAGE FOR DERRY ART GALLERY

1875 *Mr. Wynn's Wisdom*1876 *Hero to Hobo*1882 *Bookies' Bonanza*1892 *A Nose Is a Nose*1908 *Banning of the Books*1931 *Plethora of People*1933 *The Cossack Derby*1938 *Edward I*

A RACE OF WONDER AND WONDERMENT

Illustrated by Joe Kunkin

1875 As a boy of 14 Matt Wynn saw the first Derby from the back of his father's wagon and dreamed that someday he might run the race himself. Twenty-seven years later he was general manager of Churchill Downs, brought it to new prominence and never missed a Derby until he died in 1909. **1876** Vagrant won the second Derby and continued to race until he was 10, yet his reward on retirement was to pull a cart through the streets of Lexington. **1882** Bookies' Bonanza was allowed at Churchill Downs for the first time, and they made Runnymede a 4-to-5 favorite with no place betting. Apollo, at 10 to 1, won, and Runnymede ran second. **1892** Jockey Billy Donohue bet his life savings on his mount, Leonatus, and won easily. Donohue was a good judge of horses, apparently, for Leonatus never again lost a race. **1895** In the slowest Derby ever run, all four jockeys were told to hold back for a while, and the Negro rider Isaac Murphy pulled away in the



1883 *Dauchus's Smart Money*



1891 *All Eyes on Isaac*



1915 *Lordy of the Land*



1920 *De Modest Hoss*



1930 *Handy Sander*



1950 *W-r-r-r-ong*



1953 *Dark Day for a Star*



1957 *Boo-Boo of a Shoe*

last half mile to win his third Derby. **1900** Only three starters went to the post, and Huron raced to a six-length lead, to be beaten a nose on the post by Azra. **1900** A local sheriff threatened to destroy the Derby if bookmakers were permitted on the course, so Matt Winn, boss him, found a statute that allowed pari-mutuel betting. **1906** Regret, the only one of 28 fillies to start in history of race to date, won her Derby handily. **1909** Man o' War didn't make his Derby because his owner thought a mile and a quarter in May was too far for a 3-year-old to run, thus depriving the "fastest horse" of the "mostest race." **1909** Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons lured Earl Sander out of retirement to handle Gallant Fox, giving Sander his third winner. Upon seeing Sander cross the finish line, Damon Runyon wrote: "Hell back the year! Yes, hell 'im! Say, but I'm young again, 'Warhin' that handy Guy named Sander, Buster's a winner is." **1909** Notables at the Derby

included Jim London, Jack Carter, Max Schmeling, Barney Hobb, Vice-President Charles Curtis—all to see Min. Payne Whitney's Twenty Grand win. **1909** In the roughest of all Derbies, Don Meade on Broken Tip and Herb Fisher on Head Play fought through the stretch, with Broken Tip winning by a nose and no one claiming foul. **1909** A young boy of some promise named George Edward Arcene was the first of his five Derbies by riding Lavon. **1909** Famous Race Caller Clem McCarthy, after confuting the winner of the President three years previously, called "Middleburg" the winner when winner's name was Middleground. **1909** Nation's continental favorite, Native Dancer, lost the only race of his life to long-shot Dark Star. **1907** Willie Shoemaker stood up in his front at the 18th pole, thinking it was the finish line, possibly costing Gallant Man a victory over Iron Liege. **1907** Well, let's just all sit back and see what happens.





SPECTACLE

Photograph by George Lawrence

Stormy Passage into the Silent World

IN MANY WAYS, like the Caribbean and the Mediterranean, where sharks and swordfish to catch the wind, the sea, skin-divers, already have been, access to their world. But in the open Pacific, only one of 100 people, and half that, get the full force of waves, a small 2,000 miles away. Off the Pacific coast, a diver, like the Egean in the mid-19th century, often died plunging through waves to the open world. At depths of 20 or 30 feet, he could feel with passing waves pull him upward and push him downward. As the following pages show, even worse treatment of beauty, such as the diver's body, is still here, but as it happens, in the heart of the hunting wave there is still armor, and strength enough, to send the diver back to the rest



*Above the reef divers of Fiji, the water surface
one moment hangs like a sun-flecked canopy, then in
an instant the canopy is lifted, twisted
and torn apart by the force of a breaking wave*



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Downs for Churchill?

BY A TRADITION that dates back to the mid-19th century and is itself as stuffy as a Victorian parlor, Presidents of the United States almost themselves from a sport that has long been hailed abroad as one worthy of kings. No corner in all of England is more respectable or sought after than the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, where the talent of divorcee can mean exclusion; yet on her last visit to this country Queen Elizabeth was inundated from attending a horse race at Belmont Park on the grounds that it might shock many Americans.

If any such Americans exist, we on this magazine are inclined to believe it is time they were shocked, for we ourselves are shocked at such absurdity. We believe, moreover, that the time is at hand to put a stop to it.

Sir Winston Churchill, a man of some distinction in world affairs and a fanster of horseflesh whose enthusiasm for the turf ranks second only to that of his Queen, is coming shortly to this country to pay a call on President Eisenhower. He will arrive, as plans now stand, just two days after

the running of the Kentucky Derby.

At the risk of presumption, we respectfully suggest that His Lord Winston be dispatched that robust old sportsman would surely like to receive some COUPLE OF DAYS EARLIER AND LET'S BOTH GO TO CHURCHILL, DOWN.

We'd be glad to arrange for tickets, or give up our own if need be.

Sanity and the '60s

WEST COAST football fans have been grieving for years over the pummeling their teams have been taking from the Big Ten; last week their grief increased as, with burning ears, they listened to the sounds coming from Big Ten country.

In Columbus, Ohio the 48-man Faculty Council of Ohio State University has voted a haughty no to the idea of any more trips to the Rose Bowl—and has instructed its delegate to the next Big Ten meeting to oppose any renewal of the long-standing West Coast-Big Ten Rose Bowl pact. Ohio State's alumni magazine, shooting its cuffs and picking the lint off its crossed knees, paraphrased the faculty's thinking. "Signing a con-

tract with the four successors of the Pacific Coast Conference is actually dealing with those whose flagrant violations of rules brought the probationary action that stung them into breaking up their Conference. . . . Rose Bowl pressures led the Pacific Coast Conference into dissolution after one of the rottenest scandals in the annals of intercollegiate football."

Before the Coast could recover from that one, the University of Illinois senate joined the chorus and voted against further participation in the series (in its two trips to Pasadena the Illini rolled up 85 points to 21 for the opposition, so their boredom with the whole thing may be understandable).

Minnesota, which has never gotten to the Rose Bowl, also sniffed it didn't want to go to that horrid old place anyhow, but Northwestern University came to the aid of the bleeding, battered Coast with a vote to continue the annual junket to Pasadena. The student paper then dropped a new hung starter with an editorial entitled "Quit Rose Bowl," and advising: "It is entirely hypocritical for a faculty which repeatedly says it wants a sane athletic policy to allow one of its committees to follow a line which leads toward continued overemphasis and professionalization of college athletics, which is what the Bowl means." The editor went on to reveal he was against beer, too, exclaiming "a week-long organized beer orgy in California," which he said characterized Rose Bowl trips.

Meanwhile, back out West, Stanford University banded itself on another tack and sought to protest that it did, too, want to play winning football and remain in big-time collegiate sports. Any rumors to the contrary have been "initiating the hell out of us," shouted Assistant Athletic

They Said It

SAM BEARD, bawling and slightly exaggerating the extent of changes being made to lighten the *Winged Foot* course at Monmouth, N.Y., for the U.S. Open, on record he has never won: "Some of the fairways will be so narrow that even I'll be able to jump across them."

PAUL DOUGLAS, U.S. Senator from Illinois, paraphrasing Psalm 137 in promising he would not ask for any more federal money if the Senate authorized \$200,000 for Chicago's Pan-American games: "May my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth and may my right arm wither if I do any such thing."

JOE GORDON, Cleveland *Indian* manager, keeping his feet on the ground while his team (winner of six of its first seven games) keeps its head in the clouds: "They're not the greatest ball club I've ever seen, but they think they are."

Diener (and former coach, Chuck Taylor, Stanford pointed to a \$125,000 remodeling of the press box as proof positive of the "re-emphasis" intentions.

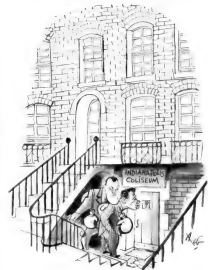
All this conversation, of course, reflects the trials and mental tangles of college presidents and faculties and athletic authorities as they search for their own solutions to the problems of sanity for the '80s. It is pretty generally agreed that sanity, if it is not to amount to insanity, must involve enough income from college football to pay the costs of collegiate athletic programs in general. Beyond that point the disagreement sets in.

At week's end retired President Robert Gordon Spaul of the University of California offered a statement of principles which might be equally applicable for the Pacific Coast and its new four-member Athletic Association of Western Universities and the Big Ten itself. He believed in "all forms of athletic competition . . . as an integral and important element of American university life, for I am convinced that these extraordinary activities have made and are making a significant contribution to student and alumni fitness and to public health and morale, providing always that they are not carried on in a setting, an atmosphere and a spirit which permit, if they do not encourage, the corruption of young men."

The bickering, meanwhile, was proving livelier than the last few Rose Bowl games themselves. The Big Ten votes on Ann Arbor in late May, at which time it must decide whether those West Coast ruffians are worthy of being soundly trounced each New Year's Day at Pasadena.

The Great Sea Lion Dilemma

SEA LIONS are snails with ears, but their hearing is watched and their olfaction and sight apparently aren't too keen either; sea lions get to know each other by rubbing noses. Sea lions are so inanimate, in fact, that they trample their pups to death if they get under flippers. The 20,000 lions which inhabit the California coast are therefore inescapable to a dark plot in Sacramento which threatens to put



"If there is the right time and the right place, and if the fight is still on, and if you've got a ring in there, and if anybody still cares, could you let us on, please?"

them in very hot water or to blast them right out of it.

Early this month the California State Senate passed a resolution calling for the Department of Fish and Game to exterminate 15,000 sea lions, a resolution heavily lobbied by commercial fishing interests. One witness went rather out of his depth at a committee hearing when he suggested that a neat, cheap and easy way might be to depth-charge them. He was apparently unimpaired that a human seems to have superior olfaction to a sea lion and that the disposal of 15,000 massive, stinking carcasses could be an expensive and unpleasant task.

Whether or not sea lions do indeed ruin fishing is a question that is currently stirring up considerable debate along the West Coast. The late Paul Bernot, a marine biologist

who specialized in lions, once wrote:

"It is understandable that commercial fishermen, sportsmen and non-shore resort owners take a dim view of the activities of the sea lions. On occasion they rob and tear up nets and other types of commercial gear and thereby incur the wrath of the fishermen. They scare fish away from favorite angling areas which does not endear them to sportsmen. The resort owners, of course, are affected financially by the exasperation of the sportsmen, and they sometimes use the sea lions as a palliative to explain a periodic absence of catchable fish or to console some of the tyros among the cash customers who have failed to make a catch. . . . As it becomes more difficult to catch fish, it is human nature to ascribe the condition

(continued)

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

to some agency not related to human activity. . . ."

Barnett also cited the case of two sea lions shot in the estuary of the Klamath River "because they were killing salmon." When their stomachs were examined, it was found that none were full of lampreys, the salmon's most voracious natural enemy. Fish and Game's biologists have found, in fact, that a sea lion's feed is about 75% "rough" fish, or those which nobody but a bigger fish, or a sea lion, will eat.

Fish and Game would like to trim the herd, but certainly not by 15,000 (almost an impossibility) nor by depth bombs (inhumane and messy). "The department can do it now," says Pauline L. Davis, chairman of the Fish and Game Committee of the State Assembly, which considers the resolution next. "The reason it doesn't is because it fears the strong sentiment of the people against it."

As Mrs. Davis reported that her mail protesting the proposed carnage was so heavy that it looked like the resolution might be defeated, Fish and Game heaved a guarded sigh. "We're not about to buy our machine gun as yet," said one edgy official. It is, indeed, a far, far better thing to face a few surplus sea lions than a few outraged sea lion lovers.

Scotland's Sandy Saddler

THE HERRIS Walker Cup selection committee has run into the embarrassment of riches that selection committees dream about: it has discovered a superb unknown golfer, and has still been able to leave him off the team. TOO MANY PLAYERS ARE TOO GOOD, ran the headline in the *London Observer*.

The headline referred to a 28-year-old, 135-pound Scotswoman standing 5 feet 3 inches who is named Sandy Saddler. Scotland's Sandy Saddler is not to be confused with the American featherweight fighter of the same name you may remember for his gifted thumb and elbow work—though the power he generates in his slight frame might put you in mind of another vest-pocket American, left-hander Bobby Shantz. In the words of



Duffer's Choice

I'd rather have a caddy cart
Than a caddy live;
Don't care for any witnesses
To count the strokes, than I've.

—MIL BLAGGARD

one British golfing authority, Sandy "takes a great, determined belt at the ball, and sometimes almost swings himself after it in his determination to get it into orbit." At the finals for the Walker Cup selections he also outstepped everyone by finishing second to the amateur champion Joe Carr, with a remarkable 293 to Carr's 290.

Since Britain has won the Walker Cup once in the past 37 years it might be expected that the selectors would elect Sandy at once. But the *Daily Telegraph's* golf expert, while describing Sandy's performance as dandling and brilliant, added "it is inconceivable that he should be seriously considered" for the Walker Cup team. "His achievement," wrote the *Observer* in dead seriousness, "is one which will long live with him. In another age of selection, it would almost surely have gained him a place."

Why not in this age? Sandy's principal difficulty was "his limited experience of first-class play." The son of a prosperous baker in the gently declining old city of Forfar in eastern Scotland, Sandy is himself a fully qualified baker, renowned for his confectionery and wedding cakes. He began playing golf at 14, won the Forfar club championship at 18, the first year he was allowed to compete, and has since knocked off the Angus County championship and lowered a lot of course records, but remained unknown outside his part of Scotland.

"He really came to light too late," complained the *London Times*, in the

midst of general praise for the Walker Cup team that was selected last week without him. In all this there was plainly evident the old British delirium of being surprised, even by the discovery of a badly needed champion.

With the Greatest of Ease

ONLY four years ago Walter Patterson, a friendly young fellow from Nashvillle, won a Big Ten championship in gymnastics while a sophomore at the University of Iowa. Now, at 24, he is a flying trapeze performer in Ringling Bros. circus, and every evening his wife, a pretty girl named Ruth, leaves their 3-year-old daughter with a baby sitter and goes off to be shot out of a cannon.

This is undeniably an unusual fate for a college athlete, but it makes a certain amount of sense when Patterson explains it, as he did in his dressing room in Madison Square Garden the other evening. Walter shares the room with about 50 other male acrobats, jugglers and wire walkers; it is a large and lively place. The walls were hung with costumes in unbelievable shades of green, pink and orange, and every time the door opened circus music blasted in, for the performance was already under way.

"At Isaac Linton High School back in Nashville," said Walter, removing



his shirt. "I was too small for football, so I tried tumbling and trampoline instead. As a gymnast I won an athletic scholarship at Iowa, and I met Ruth there in a sophomore English class.

"Ruth had grown up in Duquoin, Iowa and knew nothing of either sports or the circus. But she was related to the Zucchini family—they are the people who have themselves shot out of a cannon—and she introduced me to them.

"I was curious, and the first thing

—continued



The rich traditions of medieval cathedral windows are reflected by staining window glass, an art process originating in the thirteenth century. Herbert Daniels was commissioned to paint this stained glass interpretation of Robert the Bruce at the Battle of Bannockburn especially for the Chivas Regal Fine Arts Series.

12 year old
CHIVAS REGAL SCOTLAND'S PRINCE OF WHISKIES
 has been mellowed, not by age alone, but by attentive care year after year. Chivas Regal's magnificent flavor has made it America's most wanted premium Scotch Whisky.



The inspiration
 for this exciting new quality
 interpretation of the original
 Chivas Regal Scotch Whisky
 comes from a fine arts series
 of paintings
 depicting the Chivas Regal
 tradition.

RETAIN FABRIC RECOVERED ON THIS PLANET EXCLUSIVELY FOR MCGREGOR

Golfing shorts
is the color of
ANCIENT BRONZE

Ancient Bronze—once favored by the male in mail—now revived by McGregor for golfing shorts of new Meteor cloth. Everything has been thought of here—deep rummy pockets, a row of tee holders, a special loop where you can tuck a towel. Set bent of all is the material, softly incandescent Meteor cotton (a weaving together of two colors gives it that glow). It's light, wash and wear, amazingly wrinkle-resistant, too. You'll be seeing it everywhere soon, in jackets, slacks, shirts and (eventually) sweaters, all bearing the famous McGregor label.

Meteor and all new golfing shorts are priced at \$7.95.

AS USUAL
THE UNUSUAL FROM

MCGREGOR

McGregor, Inc., 100 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.
McGregor, Inc., 100 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y.

Meteor Golfing Shorts \$7.95 Cordelli Duran Sweater Shirt \$6.95

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

you know I let them shoot me out of the cannon. Then Ruth and I got married. This was still in my sophomore year, but suddenly I was a married man and had to earn a living. We left college and went into show business."

Walter is the catcher in the flying trapeze act, which means that he hangs upside down from his trapeze and catches the other performers as they come off the main trapeze in somersaults or piroettes; he swings them out and back once, and then they return to their own trapeze. The catcher is usually a heavyweight, but Walter handles the job easily though he weighs only 150 pounds. His partners are Ray Humphreys, a 30-year-old Australian (155 pounds) who is the star of the act; Billy Ward, a broad-shouldered Missourian of 32 who has been a trapeze performer since 1925; and Eva Nemeth, 27, a girl from Hungary.

As Walter pulled pink trunks over his pink tights, Humphreys and Ward came in and began putting on similar gear. "At the time we left college to travel with the Zaccattinis," said Walter, "they didn't need any more cannon balls so I took up the trapeze. But the cannon was always around, so naturally, both Ruth and I got lots of practice being shot out of it. We have even been shot out of it together. It fires twice, you know, in rapid succession. Here in New York another girl is working with Ruth, because New Yorkers like to see girls in the acts. But later on my wife and I will be shot out of it together."

Ray Humphreys pulled some blue cellophane over his immaculate pink costume and, thus disguised as a workman, went out to check the rigging of the trapezes. Billy Ward covered his tights with the garb of an 18th-century gentleman in orange and silver and left to appear in Display 14, which the program describes, in part, as a "Super-Spectacle Bleeding the Beauty of All Nations into a Fairyland of Rainbow Radiance."

"You don't have to train especially hard to be a flyer," said Walter, taping his wrists with cloth, which gives his partners a better grip on them. "The net itself keeps you in good shape. We can smoke, but it probably

wouldn't be wise to have cocktails before dinner if you're going to perform that evening."

A few minutes before their cue, the four flyers assembled backstage. Holding cigarettes in their mouths, the men swung their arms back and forth to warm them up, then did a few handstands. Miss Nemeth pinched a limo—she is an extremely pretty girl—and they were ready to go.

The band, as always, played waltzes for the flying trapeze performers, and, moreover, gasped at the brilliance and pure precision of the act. Back in the dressing room after it was over, the men were only

slightly out of breath. They had done their night's work in five minutes. Everything had gone well except that the humidity of the air had made the trapeze bars a bit more slippery than usual.

"Our daughter, Lora Ann, likes to watch the performance," said Walter, getting dressed. "Of course she can't do much herself yet, being only 11. We don't started her on the trapeze, though. I'm going off to see her now. Then I'll go over and help out around the cannon. When my wife is one of the cannon balls, I like to make sure that everything is in good shape."

END



"Circulate in the paddock . . . Talk about Margrave, blood lines and the gate-bellows dogs . . . Boast about Kentucky hounds . . . and remember—don't drink anything but juleps."

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT



GLOVES FOR WARMTH In response of Pirates' Dick Stuart to 33° weather in Pittsburgh. Battling with his gloves on, Stuart achieved a triple, 400-foot sacrifice.



LEADER-LEADING CRIM are exchanged in Cleveland—Frank Lane and Woody Hubel, whose two teams in seven games got the Indians off to a 6-1 record.

LUMINOUS LOOK partly due to Ted Williams as he braves cold of his Boston starter with instructions to wear extra-thin relief for bad week 10 days more.



WHAT DIDN'T MAKE

ASymptoms to read the standings and the box scores, know how, right some people were to hope, some right others were too near. Frank Lane's Cleveland Indians are having a happy time and the White Sox of Bill Veech and Chuck Connors have brought a proud glitter to the eyes of the longhanded in Chicago. Milwaukee is successful, San Francisco is feeling fine, and in the interests of April charity, no word will be spoken here of the record in Pittsburgh and Detroit. Yet some of the events worth noting after the first nine or 10 days of the season are not susceptible of treatment purely in statistics, and we gladly set them out here in pictures.

Some other news that didn't make the official box scores: Stan Musial got into an argument with an umpire for the first time in the memory of the oldest clubman.





COLISEUM CYNOSURE—The Superseries game depicted at right took place tonight, with home and gone Yankees easily scoring for \$1,342 at this stadium against

THE BOX SCORE

of St. Louis, and the spectacle so impressed the umpire that he threw the new Cardinal manager, Billy Herman, out of the game. Bill Veech offered fireworks and two Divisional tickets and gave away 11,000 cans of beer at the White Sox home opener. In Montana, a rancher whose hatred for the New York Yankees was as intense as the ancient enmity between Great Britain and the Yankee Empire, wired every American League club except New York an offer to put their squads on the cuff for two weeks of possession deer and elk hunting. All they have to do to qualify is beat the Yankees out of the championship. Roared Rancher Albert Kuchinski: "The root of Yankee domination is pure evil." And Casey Stengel was rendered grammatical by the sight of Byrre Duren getting belted at Baltimore. Marveled Casey: "And he was ahead of the hitters all the way!"



HARBITS' PEEF—Four for one—comp just Chuck Cottier in Braves' 11-5 loss to Pirates at Milwaukee, bringing good luck to Pittsburgh, which won its first game since the season began.



BARE-PISTED CATCH by Willie Mays, after a collision with Jackie Brandt who was going after some dry, spare the Giants, leading both leagues in errors so far, from another awful home.



JOYFUL TEAMMATES ESCORT PITCHER MERV SEEM OFF FIELD AFTER HIS 9-1 WIN OVER U.S. GRANT PUT ENID IN CLASS A FINALS

SCOUTING 1959'S OKLAHOMA CROP

SPRING IN OKLAHOMA is short and snappy," said Hester, Tractor Trent. "You don't get much baseball in, but in a tournament like this you get quite a lot in." Trent, who coaches Dewey in the old Osage Indian country, means Oklahoma's high school tournament which began in 1907, when Oklahoma got statehood, and is the oldest of its kind in the country.

Last week 23 major league scouts, at least one from each team, came to the University of Oklahoma campus at Norman to bird-dog 1,300 players from 95 schools. And no wonder. The tournament has sent earlier—Carl Hubbell, Harry Boschon, and Paul and Lloyd Warner on to the bigs. Last week the scouts were talking up Moose Norwood, a 210-pound shortstop wearing orange socks and cleats, and Pitcher Paul Benayune Brown, who had oldtimers chirping, "Looky at him throw"—oldtimers who remembered teams in "overhalls" coming on the backs of trucks from more than 100 miles out, sleeping under the east stadium and cooking out.

The team that has the rubber-armed pitchers and can live three days on hot dogs and pop and still play heads-up ball usually wins. Last week, however, the finals—East vs. Amarillo, Class A; Moss vs. Casady, Class B—were rained out, giving the boys time to get their second wind, the scouts time to take a second look.

Photographs by L. J. Allen

CRALL, ROSTER FOR ONEY TEAM IS FINE PROSPECT FOR 1970



MILWAUKEE BRAVES SCOUT RUSS BENSON BIRD-DOGS INTENTLY



CASADY FANS CHEER TEAM ON TO A BIRTH IN CLASS B FINALS

THE COLD WAR MELTS ON THE ICE

ALTHOUGH not as colorful, dialectically speaking, as Moscow's Bolshoi Ballet, Gulnara Ulanova & Co., which is now playing to 8,000 audiences in New York's Metropolitan Opera House, a jany, almost proletarian U.S. ice show called *Holiday on Ice* (Dick Button & Co.) is now playing to S.R.O. audiences in Moscow's Sports Palace.

Ice shows are relatively new to the U.S.S.R. Indeed, Russia, though it boasts splendid speed skaters and ice hockey players, has never had a medalist in international figure skating competition. Two years ago the celebrated American *Bell's Ice* played Moscow and so impressed the coronator that they founded their own Russian Ice Rink. Its repertoire consists mostly of sentimental ballet and circus routines, and it nearly had a riotous end this winter when a star trapeze performer landed on the ice and fell on his face; he couldn't skate.

One afternoon this month *Button* staged a joint performance with the principals of *Holiday*, a show depicted here. "A very valuable lesson," mused *Pravda*— "the official reception melted the ice of the cold war." "Sport is not a political matter," mused Button. "It is cultural."

Photographs by Alex. C. G. and Alex. C. G.



AFTER THE PERFORMANCE, THE FORMER WORLD AND OLYMPIC

SESSOR CLOWES, RUF LONGPREE, GLOVE FARMWORTH AND ROBERT BLAKE CUT UP RUSSIAN CHORUS LINE FROM MOSCOW'S

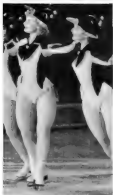




CHAMPION OLEG BUNIN, LEADS ICE SHOW CAST ABOUT THE RINK AS ENTHUSIASTIC MOSCOWITE CROWD THE RAIL TO APPLAUD

OWN COMPANY TO A PLEASANT NUMBER

LONGER WAS SET, FOR MOSCOW FEEL THAT CLOWNS ARE TOO HARD TO WISE





TENNIS COURT TO ALTAR WAS SHORT STEP FOR ROYAL COUPLE (LEFT) AND FOR TENNIS-PLAYING FRIENDS WHO ALSO WED. (RIGHT)

WONDERFUL WORLD *continues*

THE OTHER TOKYO TENNIS COURT ROMANCE

BY NOW, everybody knows that Japan's Crown Prince just about fell for his pretty young bride on a tennis court, but Akihito and Michiko were not the only aristocratic tennis players in Tokyo whose love-sets were leading inevitably to romance. Caught here in shots of unprecedented intimacy by Photographer Toni Frissell are glimpses of the wedding of Olympic skier Chiharu Igaia and Miss Takagawa-Nomura. Like the prince and princess (with whom they are shown at upper left), met and melted at the tennis club.

BEFORE MARRIAGE (IGAIA & BRIDE, LEFT; AKIHITO & WAS SPREAD WITH WHITE PANDCAKE MAKEUP, CLIPPED IN HEAVY BLACK WIG





MARRIAGE (ABOVE) WAS SITUALLY PRIVATE, BUT FAMILY FRIENDS, INCLUDING G. V. STARR (BOW TIE), ATTENDED RECEPTION

Young Igaya is himself something of a crown prince in the Japanese sports world. His father, Kihyo Igaya, the nation's best-known ski instructor, began teaching his son to ski when Chikara was only three. Some 16 years later, when the son had become Japan's Alpine-events champion, a wealthy American wandered into a sporting-goods store in Tokyo, broke a ski testing it too ardently and in the resultant conversation became friendly with both the storekeeper and young Igaya, who was boarding with him. The American

was C. V., for Cornelius Vander Starr, an insurance executive and old Far East hand whose affection for the Japanese is matched only by his enthusiasm for skiing.

As a result of their chance meeting, C. V. Starr first arranged for Igaya to go to the 1962 Winter Olympics in Oslo, later put him through Dartmouth College, where Igaya won the much-prized award of student who has done most for alma mater. Some of the things he did were to lead Dartmouth to the Eastern Intercollegiate Ski championships in 1967 and its

own Winter Carnival title in 1955.

C. V., whose interests stretch from Igaya to the ski slopes of Stowe, Vt. (which Starr developed) to the latest production of *Bohème* at the Metropolitan Opera (which he financed)—was a prominently long-legged guest at the wedding of his protégé. The official male go-between (an important functionary who fulfills somewhat the duty of best man) was the sporting-goods dealer who introduced C. V. to the groom.

After their wedding trip, the young couple will live in the United States.

BRIDE'S RITUAL ROBES INCLUDED A SASHING GEL, A CLOTH TO HIDE THE HORNS OF JEALOUSY AND A DAGGER TO PROTECT CHASTITY



LIONS FOR SALE

To get in a week of hunting a year, the average American must carefully plan his escape from the shackles of city living. In the dry rangelands of south-western New Mexico, for Rancher Bill Miller life is different. Rancher Miller often is forced to leave his work of raising cattle and Angora goats and go hunting. He seldom has time to plan; the hunt is usually thrust upon him. Any day Miller may come upon the tracks, the scratchings or the meticulously covered dung that indicates another mountain lion has moved onto his range. Lions in the past have killed half a dozen of his livestock in a single night, so Miller wastes no time. He collects the simple essentials: a Manila rope, two clotheslines, a .22 pistol, leather hobble and a piece of haywire to use as a muzzle. If he has time, he will pick up a neighbor, but most often he sets out alone with his durable hounds.

If the trail is fresh, the hounds will sometimes tree the lion in half a day. Most often, however, Miller follows the sounds of his hounds for a whole day, two days or three, through scrubby mesquitas, in and out of canyons and along the riverbank. The mountain lion's consistent habit of seeking sanctuary is a tree most often, possibly an arroyo dog. As the tired lion settles down at the yawping hounds, Miller can, and half the time does, finish the cat off with his gun. But in the past 30 years he has taken more than 100 of the cats alive, selling many for \$250 to Hollywood, circuses, zoos and lion lovers. Once he has a rope onto the cat, Miller firmly swings it from its perch by running the rope over another branch to check the cat's fall and to curb its fury on the ground. To do this without strangling his prize, Miller often must get up on an adjoining limb to try to work the rope over the cat's head and one foreleg. From where Miller sits, just out of reach of teeth and claws, \$250 for a live lion looks like a real bargain.

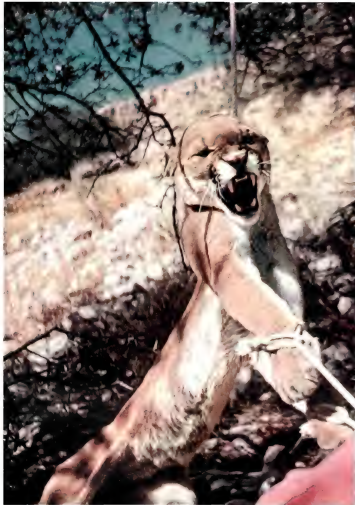
Photographed by Walt Wiggans



CLOSING THE GAP

The tough, durable kensels, though not so fast for a short stretch, inevitably will wear out a fleeing lion. If finally cornered in a rock out-croser, the lion will turn and fight, but most often it heads for a tree and, once treed (above), it is a sure loser







ENRAGED CAT

Lassoed and yanked from his perch, a tamed mountain lion snarls at Rancher Bill Miller. As his hunting companion holds the lasso taut, after a dozen tries Miller succeeds in getting two more ropes around the flailing forepaws of the cat. Once these ropes are lashed to a tree, Miller will tie the hind paws and muzzle the wriggling lion to take him home alive

LIVE PRIZE

After trussing up the 125-pound lion so it is as harmless as a house cat, Rancher Miller rides home with his prize. Getting the lion off his range will save at least a dozen head of livestock. He will recoup expense of the hunt by selling lion to the movies, to TV or to private sportsmen



IT MUST BE
THE MAIN
INFLUENCE.
HOW ELSE
COULD
I GET
THAT
MADE?



I GO TO
BROWARD
PLAZA
EVERYONE
ELSE
GOES TO
OFF -
BROWARD
PLAZA



I TAKE
LESS-ONS
TO LEARN
FROM
OTHERS
AND
THEY
TEACH ME.



FRANCIS, I BOU A
SMILE. BUTTEND GENT
NO BERRA?
HAPPY SA-? ²
IN
ITALIAN
ME-DEACE!
MI
DEMON
LL
SPAC
FOUR
BUT TOM
HAPPY!



WHAT AM
I? A FINK
OR
SOME-
THING?



NOW LOOK AT ME -
DRINKING A DRY
HARTMAN - A BUTTER
IN AN EMPTY



EVERYBODY ELSE? AM
THEY'RE DRINKING
SOMETHING. BOW AND
TERRIBLE
CHIC. I
DON'T
EVEN
KNOW
WHAT'S
IN IT.



DO MATTER!
THE FEELING
INTO THE
HAND
CURRENT
OF M-H
TIME -
THIS
INSTANT!



WATER
SEALS
AS A
GALLERY



DATE
PAGE
BY
UNIT
TIME
MILE



Rose's
Lime
Juice

RECEIVED: 1994-10-04



What's in a Ginter? Three or four parts gin or vodka, one part Rose's Lime Juice. Serve over ice in old-fashioned or cocktail glass. Make Ginters at home. Order Ginters when you go out. You'll find Rose's Lime Juice at food stores, package stores and restaurants. You will, won't you?

PATH OF THE \$2 BET

Cash pours into 300 windows, at \$28,000 per minute, between harness races at Yorkers Raceway where, last week, a world-record one-night handle of \$3,531,560 was set. Within seconds after each race, a small army of men and machines has computed prices on the winning horses, and cashiers at 300 other windows begin honoring winning tickets. Here are the steps between morning line and payoff.

Photographs by Martin Nollen





MORNING LINE odds are checked to track Totis board (below) and 11 machines making betting copies. After race results confirmed, name operators' identities passed system to board, usually within 30 seconds after the horses cross the finish line.

ACCEPTING BET, operator will depress key on his machine for each bet. When he does, a record of that bet goes, by radio, to central Totislator (right, above). Return impulse from Totislator prints and releases ticket, which is bettor's receipt.



CENTRAL TOTALISATOR automatically records and checks bets, and sums, bookmaking odds, all to board's board, starting the 15', which is the track's and staff's show. Every 15 seconds, bets, releases, returns to the Totis board on the track.



STRIPPING RECORD of bets from his machine, which looks at start of race, operator will send this and each to their board, which prints and sums up all bets, odds, and bets for each race. Meanwhile, fans watch progress of race (below).





DAILY DOUBLE, which accounts for about 8% of each night's betting, requires guesswork. Toteboard odds combinations of horses versus all competitors, where — that the odds will be paid off before the second race is under way.



PAYOFF PRICES other than daily double are computed in main calculating room (above). When judges certify results as official, prices are flashed from here to Tote board, then through Teletype system (below) to each clubhouse (right).



COMPUTING ODDS on double begins (above) immediately after first race. Payoff prices are figured on every entry in second-race combination with first race's winner. These are posted on Tote board before second race gets under way.

CASHIERS ACCEPT and pay off on winning tickets (below). Each night, several thousand dollars' worth unaccountably fail to show up; at present, \$150,000 in winning tickets remains unpaid. Deadline for redeeming these is next March 31.





CASH FLOWS to right money rooms where it is sorted by denominations, counted and banded. In room shown above, approximately \$130,000 is being handled. From here, also, goes money to casinos before cash race to pay off future winners.



CASHED TICKETS are checked against record of money paid out at each window and are kept until the final redeeming date. This serves as double-check when, months later, a winning ticket is presented for payoff. Phony ticket is a rarity.

TOTAL TAKE is trucked to bank by Wells Fargo after each night's racing. With it, track buys cash in different denominations to start operations next day, deposits its own earnings as well as New York State's share of the amount bet that night.



Forecast: a year of plenty

Trotting's first international highlights a schedule of rich stakes from now to November



DRIVER JEAN JAMIN, FRENCH TROTTER JAMIN AND INTERNATIONAL GRAND

AFTER a decade of steady growth in attendance, betting, purse money and the quality of horses, harness racing has opened its 1979 season with the fastest start in history. Yorkers, Santa Anita, Aurora Downs and Rockingham have all witnessed new records which are the result of increased public support and the progress made by the sport's breeders and trainers in producing an ever faster and more stable standardbred.

At Santa Anita's brief (March 13-April 1) meeting, for example, attendance and betting were up more than 10% over the previous year, and eight two-minute miles, a spectacular number, were recorded, clinaxed by Wilover Creed's victory in 1:57.3 on the final day. Meanwhile, at training camps in Florida, the Carolinas and California, probably the finest crop of 3-year-olds ever bred is being prepared for trotting's richest series of juvenile stakes. For most of these topflight youngsters, the Hoosier Futurity series, at Laurel in mid-June, is the first target date. Weekly, two-two-one, two-Consolidated campaigns build to the \$200,000 four-event Juvenile stakes at Yorkers the end of July and on through a dozen other major stakes and tournaments which reflect the sport's growing—and laudable—emphasis on rail racing.

Despite such a future heavy with the promise of fine competition—and not forgetting the perennial enthusi-

asm for traditional events like the Hambletonian and the Little Brown Jug—the single race which probably will draw the most attention this season is a brand-new one, the International Roosevelt Raceway in New York on August 1. Beginning with its sponsorship of the starting gate, which undoubtedly allowed harness racing to take its biggest forward step, Roosevelt has consistently led in the development of new stakes in trotting. The International is the latest—possibly the best—in a long line. For it, Race Secretary Allen Gray has surveyed the European trotting scene and invited that continent's national champions to compete against U.S. and Canadian champions who will be chosen in June. At present, the top trotters from France, Italy, Germany, Sweden, Denmark and Holland are scheduled to arrive in this country about the middle of July to begin training for the race.

JAMIN IS EUROPE'S BEST

Leading two-year-old male colts in the French champion, Jamin, who beat a field of Europeans and the American starters Great Lufwater and Egyptian Princess in the Prix d'Amérique at Vincennes last January, has won French trotters, Jamin is considered larger than American horses, probably because the typical French meeting includes many events raced under saddle and over long dis-

tances, a mile and a half, and they have therefore developed a large-bodied, sturdier animal. Ted Stiller, who drove Great Lufwater in the Prix d'Amérique, believes that Jamin and the Italian champion, Vincenzo, will trot in under two minutes on some of our better tracks. He also notes that Jamin's driver, Jean Riand, and other European drivers call on their horses for quick bursts of speed but prefer to discuss them at a fast, steady clip. Most American drivers, of course, lay off the pace and stay close to the rail through much of a race, and then try to come on in the stretch. It will be interesting to see what happens when these outstanding racing styles meet at Roosevelt. Jamin, incidentally, wears ear muffs during a race so that he can hear the noise of the crowds apparently disturbs him. He and the other Europeans will have an extra advantage in the International; it will be raced over a mile and a half, a distance far more familiar to them than to the American entries.

Among the track's four odd-aged colts previously, one debut is especially anticipated: that of Danver Harrier, bought last November for \$100,000, highest price ever paid for a yearling. His trainer, Stanley Danver (who is also a member of the six-man syndicate that owns him), plans to enter the colt in a qualifying race at Yorkers within the next three weeks.

and the eyes of the harness fraternity will be on him. Both his sire and dam, Adamant That Old Mack, have certainly proved their ability to produce champions, but Danzer Hanover is the first offspring of this union.

Very few of the trotters and pacers eligible for the Triple Crown in both divisions have seen action as yet. Off their 2-year-old records, it appears that little Joe O'Brien has a good chance of becoming only the third driver to win the Hambletonian and the Jug, if not the other two races in each division. Both his trotter, Rogue Hanover, and his pacer, Meadow Al, started poorly last year but each appeared the best in his class by the end of the season.

The trotters O'Brien will have to beat in the Hambletonian include, at present, Ralph Baldwin's Giller Hanover, who won the race twice, and had the fastest race last year; Billy Haughton's pair, Circo and Hickory Probe; and the Cameron's Scoopfoot Dillon. Jimmy Wingfield has a sleeper in Tartan Hanover, who failed to win a single race last year because he broke stride so many times. Says Jimmy: "Tartan has now settled down; if he stays flat and retains his speed, he may be the best of the lot." Johnny Simpson has similar hopes for Edgy Hanover, a \$44,000 yearling who was unable to start last year because of lameness but is sound now.

ADVICE DAY IS CONTROVERSIAL

Among the pacers, O'Brien's competition will come from Del Miller's Advice Day, all-time money-winning champion for 2-year-olds, who didn't win many first prizes after Meadow Al developed at season's end; Stanley Danzer's speedy but extremely erratic Honick Rainbow; Archie Miles Jr.'s Marston, who was very impressive at Lexington last season; and Johnny Simpson's Caricature, who is far from being another Topkid but should help Simpson realize a good season after his miserable luck of last year.

After Emily's Pride won the 1968 Hambletonian for the Grand Old Man of harness racing, Mr. Fred Egan, many of Egan's admirers hoped he might repeat this year with Emily's full sister, Emily's Star. It is, therefore, hardly a pleasure to report that, at this stage anyway, Miss Star shows little of her sister's greatness. Mr. Egan, whose care and patience in training have brought him great success with fillies, will have to work a minor miracle.

END



You get the message here!

Even before you watch the shot arch toward the green, your hands tell you it's a good one.

That's "feel" as only Spalding and the brilliant new Top-Flite SYNCHRO-DYNED irons can deliver it. These superb Registered clubs bring a new kind of control to your game.

Their exclusive "perma-finish" is unmatched for beauty and durability. These great irons have a wider hitting area, with a new, round leading edge which is designed to dig out the ball, not dig into the turf.

Complement your new Top-Flites with the ball that's famous for distance, the incomparable Spalding DYT. Both are sold through pro shops only, unconditionally guaranteed.





HILLMAN MINX. Perfect car for the city. 1100 cc. 40 h.p. Good looks, economy. 4 door sedan. 1959 model. \$2,999.00 plus \$500.



HILLMAN CONVERTIBLE. Sporty model for the city. 1100 cc. 40 h.p. Good looks, economy. 2 door convertible. 1959 model. \$3,499.00 plus \$500.



HILLMAN 1800 V8 WAGON. The answer to suburban living. 1800 cc. 100 h.p. room, styling, economy, comfort. \$4,299.00.

Rootes

The group of
fine imported cars
that turned a
British
tradition into
an American
adventure



HILLMAN HUSKY. A roomy 2 door station wagon for every purpose. No rust and trouble. New on the lot. price of \$4,999.00.

Look at these fine British cars. For fifty years, cars like these have been seen in the back counties of Kenya and in the wild hills of Kashmir. Other stars at home: English men never shone them further than Tiverton Hill on a quiet road in Devonshire.

But for eleven years now, these British cars have been seen in increasing numbers in such un-British places as Chappaqua (N. Y.) and Santa Barbara (Calif.). As a matter of fact, you can buy a Hillman, Sunbeam, Singer or Humber (and get parts and service for it) in over 200 U. S. towns—Albany and Alaska, too.

How did this come about? A good six-letter answer is R-O-O-T-E-S. This is the British motor firm that produces these cars and exports them to make them available to Americans as well as the rest of the world.

Why do we want them? Are they big, fast, strong, and rugged? Because cars? Perhaps it's the way they carry you, the way they look. Or the way they save money. Or the fact that they are backed by factory parts depots right here in the States, supplying a large, truly reputable dealer organization that provides superior service wherever you find it. Everyone has his own reason. If you need a car, made by Rootes, undoubtedly you'll have your own reasons, too.

All prices, port of entry. Western states slightly higher.



HUMBER SUPER SNIPES. Traditional European luxury car. Starts at \$10,000 (for 30-horsepower 4-cylinder model). \$12,000 (for 35-hp.).



SINGER CAFÉ. Royal of economy cars. 4-cylinder 4-door sedan \$2,995. 4-cylinder 2-door 3100 cc. sedan station wagon \$3,125.



SUNBEAM RAPIER. Coupe de sport. True sports-car performance, plus family car room in the back seat. \$2,199.



SUNBEAM RAPIER. 2-seater convertible. A first-class four-wheel sports car. International rally winner. \$2,699.

ROOTES PRODUCTS: HILLMAN • SUNBEAM • SINGER • HUMBER



CHARLES GOREN / *Conds*

Smothering the untouchable

NORTHMAN infiltrates the contract-bridge atmosphere to hear someone say, "Let's play cards—bridge or something." At that juncture the standard operating procedure of the atmosphere is to draw himself up, glare venomously and stalk from the room. He is not going to play bridge with a clod who refers to a grand and glorious sentence as a card game!

Now, I do not (of course) approve of any such behavior on the part of the bridge buff, but fair is fair, and he does have something on his side. I won't go so far as to say that contract bridge is to other games as the Empire State Building is to Uncle Tom's cabin, but the comparison is not too farfetched. Could a ginocle player, for example, offer such an exhibition of legismatism as was produced in the following bridge hand?

North, with 10 points in high cards, made the best response when he gave his partner a single raise: one to trump would have been too discouraging. South might have gone ahead more cautiously by rebidding

only three grades, but the effect would have been the same, since North would amply have hung a trick short of game.

What, the dummy was spread, declarer could see at a glance that he would have to lose two diamonds and a heart, and so the contract obviously depended on the position of the trump king.

East signaled for a diamond come-on by playing the 9, and South decided to hold up his ace. West then led the diamond queen. South won and let the trump queen ride through West, who of course declined to cover. Declarer continued with the jack of trumps, planting the 10 in dummy. West in the vague hope of making a cover.

West, confident of his position, saw the objection to engaging in a little pleasantry by announcing to declarer that the king was an "untouchable." South kept quiet but he did not give up hope. He led the club deuce to the king and returned the small diamond remaining in the dummy.

East didn't give the matter a second thought as he went up with the diamond jack. He then started with a club. South won, led to the heart king, ruffed dummy's 8th club with the 11 of trumps, and then led the ace and 8 of hearts.

To South's satisfaction, the heart suit broke three-two and East was in on the third round. That defender had to return a club or the 17th diamond. South ruffed with the 8 of trumps—and West, though he still had the king and a small trump against dummy's blank ace, was forced to cover. If he overruffed South's with the king, dummy's ace would overruff his; and South's remaining trump would be high; and if West preferred to "discard" his trump 8 underneath South's 8, that wouldn't do him much good either, since the heart would be pitched from the table and the trump ace would remain there for the last trick.

South's nervous had come. He turned to West and said sweetly, "I guess you never heard of the smother play."

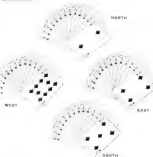
EXTRA TRICK

South certainly did a good job, but I'd better not leave any loose ends for eagle-eyed readers.

If South had known all about the hand he could have brought off his smother play without help from the enemy by conceding his second diamond loss before leading the second trump. As the play went, East could have beaten the hand by not putting up the diamond jack, letting his partner win with the 10 to knock out the third-best ace of trumps.

END

It's an untouchable South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
14	PASS	14	PASS
14	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: diamond king



THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

©1954 J. & W. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

Know the real joy of good living...

Add the rest of Schlitz to your good living. It's slow-aged... brewed the natural way for lighter, more refreshing quality. Proudly move up and say "Schlitz" when you order beer.

Move up to quality...move up to Schlitz!



Like your pleasure the way Nature flavors it!

RELAX . . . this is the GENUINE! There's a wholesome differentness in the flavor of **CABIN STILL**. Your first taste discovers it. Comes from our century-old natural sour mash recipe. Genuine **COPPER DISTILLING**, in our slow-poke way, creates our special Bourbon. And **KENTUCKY WEATHER RIPENING**, in open-air timber warehouses, seasons it to a rare gentleness. Try it tonight, if you want **A Bourbon Man's Bourbon**.

Weller's
CABIN STILL
Bourbon
 Kentucky Straight
 Bourbon

Distilled and Bottled solely by SPITZEL-WELLER DISTILLERS, Fitzgerald Road, Louisville, Kentucky. Established 1843 • 96-91 Proof

The two faces of Cecil Rhodes

in which boxing's latest Ivy League promoter retires by request, without ever promoting a fight but with \$55,000

THREE MEN in white coats at the Patterson-London fight in Indianapolis May 1 won't be there to sell peanuts. They will be psychiatrists, assembled for clinical study of one of the more lunatic sporting promotions of our century, surpassing in some aspects even such demented delights as human defecation dance marathons.

Simple elements of the promotion—like site, date and opponent—have been flipping like dappacks since January, when Brian London, the Blackpool Blackjack, browbeat his way to defeat at the hands of Henry Cooper in London. Floyd Patterson was to have defended his heavyweight title against the winner, who turned out to be Cooper, who in turn turned out to be reluctant. Guaranteed \$72,000, he demurred three times. So Cus D'Amato, Patterson's manager, settled for London. It made no difference, since the fight was essentially a flat-boxing preparation for Patterson's later de-

fense against the more formidable Ingemar Johansson and since London is, after all, one of the top-rated heavyweight contenders.

That made everything seem normal; but the promoter turned out to be a stylish stout young man named, of all things, Cecil Rhodes Jr., given to dropping casually the information that he held three degrees from Harvard, that he was vice-president of a steel-fabricating firm, and that he had taught at Suffolk Law School in Boston. (He taught English there for one semester.) Sometimes he varied this by saying that one of those degrees was from Brown, which is the correct version. He has, in fact, only one degree from Harvard, an LL.B. He was a bit of a genius, he indicated, at corporate reorganization, taking over ailing companies and building them back to robust health. He had a way of dropping the names of prominent persons—"Borisovich" Not "C.W." Was great at Harvard together?

For all that, he was extremely pensive in manner, and this was perhaps the wellspring of his gift for winning confidence. He won D'Amato's confidence completely.

"This man," D'Amato said breathlessly one afternoon in Indianapolis, "doesn't care about making money. He wants to plow it all back into the sport."

Rhodes beamed but kept a sound, businesslike button on his lip.

There was talk, however, of a pension system for boxers and a syndicate of small, morally managed fight clubs. D'Amato, a rare bird among fight managers, keeps a set of Thomas Aquinas' writings in his bookcase and believes not the old philosophy that it is all right to make pots of money provided the stuff is used for the commonweal. He was delighted to find a kindred soul in Cecil, a fellow seeking like James H. Norris.

Well, Cecil is now out as promoter of the fight, having come to a parting of the ways with an embittered Cus last week; but if Cus had talked to Day Mangus, a harness-horse breeder, he might have been disenchanted earlier. Mangus is currently trying to collect from Cecil the sum of \$18,750—a sum he says Cecil owes him for Lady Ann Reed, last year's World's Champion Three-Year-Old Filly Trotter on half-mile tracks. She had done a record mile of 2:40¹/₂ at Grandview, Ohio.

In an affidavit filed in New Jersey Superior Court Mangus sets forth that he agreed last summer to sell Cecil the horse for \$48,750. In return for a couple of postdated checks totaling \$45,000 and a promise to come up with the remaining \$3,750 in cash, Mangus says he turned over possession of the mare. Mangus deposited the two checks, but Cecil's bank refused to "release" the funds.

The affidavit describes more promises to pay, but even after several of these Mangus still had enough confidence in Cecil to pay a \$50 entrance

—Cecil Rhodes

CUS D'AMATO, FLAUNTED BY RHODES' MIMICRED AND REAL FACES, TRIES TO EXPLAIN



the 'Botany' 500' look



as tailored by Daroff

so light, so cool,
and yet so smart...
it's Dacron-Worsted
at its very best
'DARolite'...\$55

Another triumph for Daroff tailoring, as the comfort and coolness are a triumph for the exclusive dacron-worsted fabric. The 'Botany' 500' look is the air of success and achievement produced for you by Daroff tailoring and unerring good taste. By the way...America's greatest Summer clothing value!

*Daroff's trademark for Dacron-worsted fabric.

Price slightly higher in the West.



Look for the readable
*mark with this label...

'BOTANY' 500'
Tailored by **DAROFF**

at your nearest 'BOTANY' 500' dealer or write:

K. DAROFF & SONS, INC., 200 Fifth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y. • 208 Walnut Street, Philadelphia 3, Pa.

BOXING continued

fee for him so that Lady Ann Reed could run in a race. The Racing Commission wasn't taking any of Cecil's checks.

On Cecil's word that the funds would now be released, the affidavit goes on. Mangus redeposited the checks and a few days later was looking for Cecil, again "hoping to receive the cash payment of \$3,750, which he still owed me, plus the \$50 . . . but he was nowhere to be found."

This was at Grandview, where the mare was entered in a race.



CHALLENGER LONGON GOES FOR A RIDE

"However," the affidavit continues, "when Lady Ann Reed won the race he suddenly appeared, received the trophy. I ran toward the winner's circle only to find that he had disappeared."

Mangus eventually caught up with Rhodes at Springfield, Ill.

"At this time," the affidavit says, "he told me that he . . . was selling part interest in the horse and that if I would wait right where I was he would bring his partner back to give me the money in full. I waited, but he did not appear. . . ."

"At the same time he handed me two typewritten papers, each of two sheets, and told me that he required these papers to show his partner before his partner would give him the money. We were standing near the paddock and, thinking that at last the matter was to be cleared up, I signed these papers without question and asked for a copy. He said that

these two copies were all that he had and that his partner would require both of them but that he would type up an extra copy for me and mail it to me. This he never did. . . .

"However when the matter was brought before the New York State Harness Racing Commission, three or four . . . read me what purported to be (what) I signed. They were entirely different except for . . . the last page, than the ones that I had glanced over before signing. . . . As the first page was read me . . . it appeared that it said something about my destroying the two checks he had given me and that I had agreed to accept the money in monthly payments. I . . . denied that I had signed any such agreement with Mr. Rhodes and when I went to also that Mr. Rhodes claimed that he had given me many thousands of dollars in cash I also denied this. It is not true. He has my horse, has the winnings from the horse, and has not paid any money for it."

D'Amato now refuses to comment on what happened to cause the open break which eliminated Cecil from the Indianapolis promotion.

If anything similar happened to him, D'Amato isn't saying.

But it was obviously not, as announced, a sudden discovery that Cecil lacked a necessary residence status to promote in Indiana which led to his withdrawal as a promoter. He withdrew perforce but with a clear profit of \$25,000, which he had deducted from a \$115,000 advance obtained from NBC and city-minded Indianapolis.

This \$15,000 may come in handy for Cecil when, four days before the title fight, Mangus' action is due to come up in a New Jersey court. It would just about pay for Lady Ann Reed and \$3,134.25 that Stanley Dancer, the famous trainer-driver, claims Cecil owes him for his services.

While the fight was in jeopardy Brian London arrived from England and was met at Idlewild Airport by reporters who, accustomed to ballyhoo confidence from heavyweight challengers, were astounded when London's only response to their questions was "no comment."

They were further astounded when the challenger then disappeared. A few days later a New York Times reporter discovered him training behind locked doors in, of all places, the downtown gym owned by Cas D'Amato.



Tenting Today

NEARLY SEVENTY YEARS ago a young railroad engineer named J. Abercrombie decided that it was senseless to move tons of bulky field equipment from job to job. And, being something of an inventor, he set about redesigning it.

One of his first ideas was aluminum cooking utensils which nested together so that a number of pieces could be stored in the space formerly occupied by one. His whole set weighed something like two pounds—hardly as much as one from firing pans. Before long, he'd devised ways to make other basic items of field equipment with the same airhead of lightness and compactness.

In 1893 he explained all this to a fellow sports enthusiast, Earl H. Fitch, who agreed that outdoorsmen would welcome this sort of gear. Thus Abercrombie & Fitch was born. From the first, the founders insisted that sportsmen be able to choose their equipment in an informal atmosphere—with the aid of salesmen who were sportsmen themselves.

That principle has never changed. But revolutionary as those first lightweight campsite needs may once have been, they're a far cry from their present-day counterparts. New materials and methods have produced countless improvements which would undoubtedly surprise and delight the man who pioneered in developing the efficient camping gear of today.

An outstanding example of modern equipment is the Dura-Tite tent, the best totally new concept in tent design for centuries. Light, strong, lightweight canvas completely suspended on an external frame of aluminum-chrome alloy, it has no stakes, guy ropes or center poles. All that's needed to set it up is a flat surface the size of the floor (it was tested on a glacier and ten minutes!)



You have only to visit us to see these responsibly safe and dry camping rigs for these days; this complete selection of campsite needs includes the world's finest. And a staff of experienced sportsmen, true to Mr. Abercrombie and Mr. Fitch's wishes, is always on hand with expert advice.

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

NEW YORK AND WASHINGTON, D.C.
CHICAGO AND SAN FRANCISCO

©1964 A&F

Scotland's Finest Light Scotch Whisky

ST. LEGER



IT'S
THE
CLASSIC
AMONG
SCOTCHES



Blended Scotch Whisky, 40 & 50 Proof

"The St. Leger, along with The Derby, is one of the United Kingdom's classic races for three year olds."

"Leger" in French means light. And in St. Leger you will discover a Blended Scotch Whisky of truly classical quality . . . renowned for its lightness and delicacy of flavour. Light-bodied . . . smooth . . . dry and bright.

General U. S. Importers: YAM MUNCHING IMPORTS, INC. New York, N. Y.



CHIPPEWA® Shortie

the boot you'll want to live in

all weekend long! Here's handsome Western styling that's lightweight, yet rugged. Handstitched moccasins for every afternoon of scud-ding. Another outstanding boot from the longestablished in the United States . . . the "original" Chipewa Line. See the difference in construction, style, where, or while for your dealer, name and your FREE Boot Care Booklet. Model 4295 shown.



9001 River Street

*As interest in sports—
playing, watching and
reading about them—not only
gives life a greater richness,
it also seems to develop those
qualities of character and
achievement that distinguish
men and women in every
field of endeavor.*

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Subscription Department

Special Advertising Rates

BOXING

In any ordinary circumstance this would have been viewed with suspicion, and was so regarded in some quarters, but anything can happen in a farce. Had London trained at Sefton's he might have been subjected to questioning which would have revealed the shaky status of the fight at a time when desperate preparations were going on to save it.

On Thursday, just two weeks before the fight, D'Amato announced that Rhodes had retired as its promoter and that Bill Rosenzohn would step into his shoes.

It was one of the more sporting gestures of our time. Rosenzohn was assuming the supervisory position of a fight that in some small measure threatened his much vaunted position, making Patterson and Leonard Johnson, at Yankee Stadium on June 25. It was conceivable, though hardly probable, that London might win, since in 25 fights he has knocked out 13 opponents and lost only four times. But from Rosenzohn's standpoint a greater danger would be that Patterson might be cut off, as in the first Hurricane Jackson fight, break a hand, thus forcing postponement of the Johnson fight.

PATTERSON AT PEAK

Rosenzohn's generous acceptance of the situation and his head-on approach to the situation hardly on even level. Two men at last were pitted. Patterson and London left immediately for Indianapolis to complete their training.

Though it is reasonable to expect that Patterson will win by a knockout, he may be in for a rough few rounds. London is a most rugged fellow. He has to be, for he lacks even marginal defensive skills and depends on a scowling, bruising style to overwhelm opponents. He has been stopped only once, in the first round of his first fight with Cooper, and always he contended that he succumbed to a lucky punch. In their second fight last January it took Cooper a full 15 rounds to win and anyone looking at his battered face would have pitied Cooper as the loser.

But London never has fought a man of Patterson's class, and Patterson is training his hook better than ever. His punching has been sharp and powerful. His morale has never seemed higher.

Just don't try to buy pennants from these men in the white suits. **ESP**

Boom-boom and the rabbit

The bunny wandered around County Stadium in Milwaukee, and the Pirates finally stopped the pitching-rich Braves.

SOUNDING only a little bit like a man whistling past a graveyard, seven of the National League's finest teams spent a happy springtime assuring themselves and a nodding assortment of itinerant experts what a whale of a pennant race this was going to be.

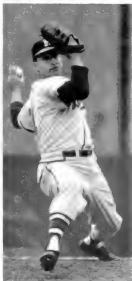
"The Giants can beat the Braves," they said. "They have the power." Or the Pirates who, it was explained, "had pitching and defense." Or the Reds, who had various qualifications not always evident to the untrained eye. Someone even mentioned the Dodgers once in a while, seeking, perhaps, to overlook no bets.

But when the season began, it was that eighth team, the one lurking so quietly in the graveyard, that came roaring out to play ball. In an opening week dotted with rain-outs and snow-outs and near freeze-outs, the Braves threw Spahn and Burdette, Spahn and Burdette, left-right, left-right, boom-boom, into the contest—and when the sun finally came out, it appeared that there might not even be a contest left. The Braves were an-hoosers in four games, the rest of the league was staggering, and horrible visions of another 1955, when the Dodgers won 10 straight and 22 of their first 24 to turn the pennant race into a shambling, danced before the National League's eyes.

The Braves, champions for the last two years, were once again doing everything right. The two big pitchers were giving Milwaukee the kind of consistent performance a win-

ning team needs. Holzy Arns was hitting over .500, and Eddie Mathews, who was hitting about half that, was driving in runs. Mickey Vernon came over from the American League in a waiver deal in exchange for an unwanted Milwaukee pitcher, Humberto Robinson, and in his first full game, pinch hitting, drove in the tying run for the Braves in the ninth.

ASSEMBLY: MATCHLESS WARREN SPAHN WAS IN FORM



Johnny O'Brien's single in the 10th won the game.

But it was more than pitching and hitting, which everyone knew the Braves had a long time ago. The defense was almost perfect; there wasn't an error in those four games. Wes Covington, who throws out about three runners a season from left field, threw out one at the plate in Pittsburgh in the second game of the season to save it for Milwaukee. Mathews was all over the left side of the infield, spearing hot liners, knocking down base hits, throwing people out. Aaron and Bill Bruton, who was running as though he had never had an ankle knee, robbed opposing batters time and time again of what seemed like certain extra-base hits. And even Felix Mantilla, first choice to patch up the hole at second base, didn't disappoint, although a few of the more knowledgeable observers noted small, telltale signs which indicated that Mantilla didn't exactly look like Red Schoendienst out there.

But it was even more than pitching and hitting and fielding. Reese Ashburn, of the Phillies, who plays center field as it was meant to be played, needlessly threw a ball away one day against the Braves, into the dugout behind third base to let a run score. Milwaukee outs turned into base hits when they bounced off bases or slipped over infielders' heads. Everything the Braves did was good, everything the opponents did was bad. This was a good ball club, perhaps the best in the league, and it was getting breaks it didn't even need.

Meanwhile, back at the ranch...

San Francisco, after starting out well, too, with three

(Continued)

straight victories, began to open up at the seams. Although the Giant pitching was a good deal better than a lot of people had anticipated, the defense was absolutely horrible. In seven games the Giants made 47 errors, seven of them by the rookie shortstop, Andres Rodriguez, and three in one game by his second-base sidekick, David Spivey. The Giants, who hit homers almost every day, were showing their muscles, all right, but it takes a lot of home runs to make up for 47 errors.

Cincinnati started well, too. But then the Phillies came to town and the Reds began to lose. You just can't go around talking about pennants and losing ball games to the Philadelphia Phillies. With the Reds, too, the big trouble was pitching except for Bob Parker, their fire right-hander.

But the worst start of all belonged to the Braves, who went to bed dreading a Cleveland and woke up screaming. They lost and lost and lost again. Before it was all over they had lost five in a row. The hitters weren't doing much hitting to speak of and none at all with runners on base. The outfield sprang a few leads. And the pitching, to be fair all around, was inconsistent. That is about as fair as a man can be; actually, it was lousy in those five games. The Pirate staff, which allowed the fewest home runs in the National League last year, was smacked for 10—and each played a big part in the slump.

It was working out just exactly the

way Jimmie Dykes, even before the season began, had warned it might. "The toughest thing this club is going to have to do all year," said the dapper 60-year-old Pirate coach, "is to get that first win. I never saw a club so likely to get a season under way. They're all tight as middle strings." As it turned out, Dykes, who has been around baseball for a very long time and knows about such things, was right.

But, as those seven other teams insisted all spring, the Braves maybe weren't all that good or the Pirates that bad. Last weekend Pittsburgh moved into Milwaukee for a scheduled three-game series, the first of at least two dozen crucial ones that should pop up this year, and the picture began to change.

WHY LAUGHTER

The first evidence one could see was in the attitude of the Pirates. Their horrible plight had become so bad that they were able to laugh a bit at themselves. "Don't be nervous," said Red Witt, who had lost a 3-2 ball game to Philadelphia a couple of days before, to Harvey Haddix, who was pitching on Friday. "Don't be nervous. If you lose this one we may never win another. We may lose 154 games this year. But don't be nervous."

"The nice thing about this," said Smokey Burgess, "is that we can only lose 153 more. Then the season will be over and we can go home!"

"I think we're lowering up," said Bob Friend, who then dropped his teaspoon off the table with a clatter,



STOPPER for Pittsburgh was Vernon Law, who pitched, turned Pirates' victory.

"I know it," said Dick Groat. "This is too good a ball club to go on like this. Something's got to give." And Groat almost hit the wrong end of his cigarette.

So on Friday the Pirates went out against Bob Kosh-Fred Haney but decided to give Spahn and Burdette a day off, and in the third inning Cornington hit a surefire double-play ball that bounced off first base, hopped over Ted Kluszewski's waiting hands and rolled nine feet into right field for an unbelievable two-base hit that scored two runs.

Perhaps this was the straw that broke the season—and maybe even changed a season. The Pirates were so incensed at the incredible unrighteousness of it all that Groat hit a home run, two more and he will equal 1938's output. Roberto Clement hit a home run to tie up the game, and El Roy Face, who does this almost automatically, came in from the bullpen to relieve Haddix and stop the Braves with two outstretched arms in front of the way. The only trouble was that no one could stop the rain which swept in off Lake Michigan. The game was called at the beginning of the 10th inning, and both teams went off grumbling. All of the hitting statistics, and things like that, would go into the record book, but the score was still 2-1 and the game in its entirety would have to be replayed at a later date. The Braves were still 4-0, the Pirates 0-5. "This insurance business is like kissing your sister," a man suggested, and Ed Mazeroski just shook his head. "We'd have won it," he said. "If it hadn't rained, we'd have beat 'em."

"Well," said El Roy Face, who is

DRIVING FORCE for Milwaukee was Henry Aaron, who hit home run in Pirates' final against Pirates, kept Milwaukee winning streak above 200 straight, but two losses



a little older, "it sure beats losing."

The next day, Saturday, the Pirates found something that beats not losing. Before a crowd of 16,708 Milwaukeeans and one rabid one from St. Louis, the Pirates pounded Bob Buhl, Spahn and Burdette were still resting and Juan Pizarro for an abnormally easy 11-5 victory.

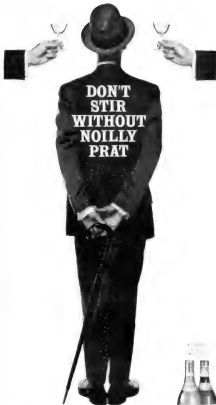
While the crowd sat glumly on its hands and the rabbit hopped happily about the park, looking over the athletes and stopping occasionally to sniff at an umpire, Vernon Law coasted along for Pittsburgh's first 100 runs. The lanky right-hander drove in two big runs himself with a home run in the second inning. Burgess hit a three-run homer and the Pirates were in. With a seven-run lead, Law gave up two to Milwaukee in the third inning, and in the seventh, with the score 11-2, three more when Aaron lashed one out of the park. But there was never any real strain. The only disturbing event of the day for the Pirates was the temporary disablement of their fine young left fielder, Bob Skinner, who wrenched his back slightly and suffered minor cuts and abrasions when he reached off the fence while taking an earlier bid for a home run away from Aaron. Later, Skinner, who wore his bandages like medals, figured it was well worth the trouble. The Sunday game was called because of sultry temperatures, but it didn't matter. The Pirates had begun to get well.

AND SOME HAVE NONE

Of course, the mere fact that the Braves' streak had been stopped or that Pittsburgh had finally won one didn't mean too much in itself. Milwaukee still has Spahn and Burdette, and no other team in the league has two pitchers like that. In fact, few teams have even one. The Braves still have Aaron, too, and sometimes it seems that he will hit .400. Also, it is well to remember that the Giants must find some way of stopping ground balls, the Reds can't do it with Parky alone, and the Pirates still have several lengths of lost ground to make up.

But at least the National League can go whistling past the graves and again and talk about a pennant race. As long as these seven other teams can whistled and talk—and as long as anything and listen—everything is all right. The Braves are tough but they haven't run off with the pennant yet.

END



This imported vermouth makes a vital difference in your Dry Martini, Pale, but not pallid—new Noilly Prat French Vermouth is extra dry and light by nature. Don't stir without it. Use enough to make its chilling presence felt.

BROWNE WINSTERS CO., INC., NEW YORK, N. Y. • SOLE DISTRIBUTORS FOR THE U. S. A.



"For the sweetest swing, power too...It's

Wilson
DYNA-POWERED
IRONS™

ARNOLD PALMER



Swing a new Wilson 50 Dyna-Powered iron and you'll know! No matter what the shot—a long 2-iron or a chip right to the pin—Wilson irons do it best. Wilson builds better golf right into the iron with the "fluid-feel" of exclusive shaft-to-sole construction, new rounded bottom and beveled leading edge of the sole. Try them at your Pro shop—then judge for yourself.

*Arnold Palmer is a member of the National Wilson Golf Advisory Staff.



Play the new Wilson Staff ball. Looks straight, feels true, stays white. At Pro shops only.

Win With
Wilson
WILSON SPORTING GOODS CO., CHICAGO
(A subsidiary of Wilson & Co., Inc.)



STAN LEONARD, Vancouver, B.C.

Tip from the Top

Consistency in the fairway woods

WHEN YOU'RE playing your fairway woods keep well in mind that as long as you overswing you cannot have control over where the ball is going. Part and parcel of overswinging, brought on by the lust for distance, is an overshifting of the weight to the right foot on the backswing and then forward onto the left foot on the downswing. It breeds chronic inaccuracy. When the left foot jumps way off the ground, as it will when you overswing, it's almost an impossible job for a golfer to hold himself over the ball as he should. And the extra power you think you are getting from the extra movement is in reality only an extra expenditure of effort.

On the fairway woods you should, to use the expression we use in Canada, "trap" the left foot. What this means, in essence, is to limit its activity as far as possible. Don't allow it to work. I believe a man can hit a ball at least as far (and certainly with much more accuracy) if he develops a precise, less lengthy swing in which the left foot is not freely released going back. In the old days both the American and English players had looser styles and the players had to work very hard when they went in search of distance. Today we realize much more clearly that distance comes from getting a full shoulder pivot and from delayed action timing which depends on the player's balance and position as he comes into the ball.

My idea on wood shots is to allow the hands full release at impact. You can't work over the ball if your hands are too locked. And you will not arrive in a position very often to release your hands fully if you indulge in too long a backswing and lose your position over the ball.

"Trap" the left foot



NEXT PRO: Ralph Hatkisson use the reverse overlap for putting

Montreal? Who else!

These Canadians won another Stanley Cup, handling Toronto's Maple Leafs quickly and easily

WHEN I took the National Hockey League season months and 225 games in stride—surprise, surprise—then the Montreal Canadiens are still the very best team of any interesting shape, in any country, anywhere.

Their total dominance of the Toronto Maple Leafs in the Stanley Cup final playoffs, which ended rather briskly last Saturday, four games to one, pointed out that Montreal has enough of everything to continue skating off with ease, indefinitely. Actually, the unprecedented fourth straight cup was never very far from their grasp. They beat Toronto in the first two games (3-0 and 3-1), lost the third game in overtime 3-2, then brushed the Leafs aside in the last two games (3-2 and 3-2).

When the finals began, many folks thought that Toronto might continue to sail along on the late-season carpet of desire which had propelled them from last place, where they were just seventeen days before the regular season ended, into the playoffs and then on into the finals. Toronto's Coach Patrizi Imbach started making statements that sounded as though they had originated in the Moore-Goldwyn-Mayer School of Coaching. "A good fighting club," said Patrizi with feeling, "will beat a club that has super-stamina at every time." And, "We're going to win the whole thing. . . . I have no doubt about it. . . . We have more good seasons than Montreal."

What Imbach seemed to be trying to do was convince his own players that they were very, very good when, in fact, they were not really very good at all. Phil Watson made the best remark about Imbach. After reading the inspirational messages that the Toronto coach was delivering to his players, Watson, a rather outspoken off himself, said, "Well, he's certainly

by taking the sails out of my wind."

The rise of the Leafs to the finals of cup play, while it was amusing to behold, serves as a testimony to the contrasting caliber of the Canadiens and the league in general. On New Year's Eve, as the season reached its middle point, Toronto was 13 points out of first place and 5 points out of fourth. But the Detroit Red Wings and the New York Rangers, who had been high in the standings, took two of the biggest nose dives in the history of shinning on skates and Toronto, poor Toronto, found itself rising into the Stanley Cup playoffs.

WAY TOO MUCH

They lost past Western in the semi-finals, 4 games to 3, but then they ran into Montreal, rich Montreal. The Maple Leafs found that their skaters could not project sustained drives on the Montreal goal. And their defense could not contain Montreal's arsenal of shooters. In short, Montreal was too good, too fast, too deep.

The Montreal team is in reality a smoothly humming machine which compares almost exactly to the New York Yankees of baseball or the Calumet Farm tractor, lettuce-bearing, one infirmer, one horse falter, and another bounds up to take its place. Montreal was ridiculed by injuries this year. Not only did they lose the greatest goal getter of all time, Maurice Richard, for almost half a season, but they lost the second highest scorer in the league, Jean Beliveau, for the playoffs. But there was always somebody like Marcel Hossa, Doug Harvey or Ralph Backstrom waiting to skate in and catch the Montreal banner before it could ever touch the ground.

It will be only five months before the National Hockey League again goes into fall training and, unless someone starts building and buying in large quantities, next season will only prove all over again what everyone is getting a little tired of knowing.

END

Briefer than briefs...
the "Bikini" for men—

BE-KEEN.



Ideal for the active man—perfect
for just plain comfort!

- 100% Helanca's sea-to-sea nylon, for greater elasticity and strength
- Briefest possible coverage
- Double front panel
- Complete leg freedom
- In white, black, red, royal blue

\$1.50



REIS
EMPIRE STATE BUILDING NEW YORK, N.Y.



*lighter
feeling
footwear*

**FREEMAN
TRAVELLER**

New Development
style: Coffee Bean
Brown-Letter Cut, also
Nubuck and Black

FREEMAN

takes the **weight-away**

Coffee Bean brown goes everywhere! New "weightless" approach to warm-weather comfort... correct for co-ordinated wear with your seasonal apparel. A skillful combination of hand-worked premium leathers and dressy-yet-casual styles... by Freeman craftsmen.

Freeman Shoes are \$149 to \$175. Higher prices don't mean that your Freeman shoes are more.
Freeman Shoe Corp., Dept. 100000, Largest Exclusive Retailers of Men's Fine Shoes.

DERBY PREVIEW

Continued from page 28

up until about 4:30 the first Saturday afternoon of May."

Easy Spur and Sweet Dancer, who finished in that order in the Florida Derby, have both progressed satisfactorily since leaving Gulfstream despite typical race-track rumors that each is suffering leg ailments. In Easy Spur's case, it was supposed to be a tricky knee and a touch of arthritis. To this Trainer Paul Kelley replies with a smile, "He's doing everything we're asking him to, and he's in fine shape. If he stays as he is, he is going to be hard to whip." Trainer Elliott Beech laughed off a report that Sweet Dancer had a troublesome foot and commented, "He's as sound as I've ever seen him. Not a purple anywhere."

TROUBLE TO TRY AGAIN

Troilus, the Flamingo winner who so disappointed in the Florida Derby, flew into Louisville entirely recovered from an abscessed tooth condition which undoubtedly troubled him during his last race. But Owner Bayard Sharp sadly admits that "We lost a precious week of training with him, and just won't be able to get that week back. But we'll run him in the Trial to see how he is."

Neil McCarthy's Finnegan, who showed flashes of both brilliant and indifferent form at Santa Anita this winter, was handicapped to win the California Derby at Tanforn on Saturday—pacing the wire barely a head in front of E. O. Siler's Monk's Hood and two heads in front of Royal Orbit, who races for Mrs. J. Braunstein. Off form in this race, if not in all previous outings, all three of these colts deserve a crack at Kentucky—even though riders who wintered in California and who have ridden both western and eastern Derby eligibles consider that, with the possible exception of Young Lee and Silver Spoon, the Westerners are not top class.

The big question about the 1958 Kentucky Derby, still over a week away, is not only who is going to win it, but who is going to run in it. An appearance by the sentimental favorite, Silver Spoon, might, it can be argued, do even so much to make us forget that the present 3-year-olds are no great shakes.

And a win by Silver Spoon would probably be the most exciting sports moment of 1959. **END**



HAPPY TOURISTS: BILLY TALBERT (LEFT), EDDIE ALLOE AND OTHERS HEAD OUT ON THE CIRCUIT

Part II: THE BILLY TALBERT STORY

STROLLING PLAYERS

Like a summer-long road show, the big-time tennis circuit meant drama and glory to youngsters and veterans alike. But there were bad times too—one almost cost Billy Talbert his life. The second of three parts

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT with JOHN SHARNIK

TENNIS WEEK[®]—the weekend of a tournament at any of the old eastern clubs—is usually the high point of the summer social season. Some of Newport's most festive debates, for example, are scheduled for the time of the Casino Invitational. A house party at Southampton gains in prestige if the date falls during the Meadow Club tournament. All along the eastern circuit, hostesses are up to plan their most elaborate soirees for the time when the tennis players are on hand. As the players move

along the tournament route, like strolling minstrels visiting courts, the doors of the summer houses swing open, the orchestras strike up that peculiarly rich music reminiscent of expensive hotels, and the terraces light up to full eastern power.

The players themselves are the famed thirteenth. The games, their court, admitting them to places they might never reach with their other credentials. The circuit is a fantastic kind of melting pot, where a young man whose parents speak broken

English and who has never worn a tie at dinner might find himself seated with the daughter of an ambassador or a Supreme Court justice—and possibly near His Excellency or Mr. Justice himself. All you had to do was recognize that there were some advantages in the guest's case, too.

My introduction to the eastern circuit came in July 1938, at the Merion Cricket Club in Haverford, Pa. I had qualified for the National Intercollegiate Championships (I was now a junior at the University of Cincinnati), and though this tournament wasn't one of the events on the

systematical proper, it had been a pathway to it for a good many architecture college players in the past. I was hoping it would be the same for me. And Merion provided a handsome caddy of what tennis really had to offer.

Along with the collegians I found a upstart of the professional racketeers, there were also a number of adult residents, their guests and tennis officials on hand, out of potential rancor, to make over this new crop of college talent. They were in the position of umpires, some keeping the men open for the "hungry" tennis player—the boy who not only had the skill to win but also the driving need to win, his sense of being discriminated against.

I heard that one of these visitors, a local named Wigginton, was on the tournament committee of the Baltimore Country Club, where the Maryland State Championships were to be held the following week. I approached him in the clubhouse one day, introduced myself, and asked if he could arrange to get my name into the field at Baltimore. I had done well enough in the Intercollegiate to feel I could take a chance on going further.

He looked me over carefully. "Talker, I know you mean that Championship, don't I? Forgive me?" He appeared to be measuring me against some invisible standard. "We've got a pretty full draw, but let me see what I can do."

A little later, out of the corner of my eye I caught him nodding in my direction while talking with one of the Merion club officials. Eventually, he came over and told me, in a friendly way, "We've got room for you in our tournament, Talker. About arrangements, I guess we can put you up with some of the other boys at one of the Johns Hopkins conventions. There's cafeteria not too far away where you can take your meals."

That was a gentle way of letting me know that I wasn't important enough to expect accommodations at the club itself, to say nothing of a hotel room. But it was time with me, just at the end of the week at Merion, I dropped a line for Baltimore.

The day I was eliminated from the tournament at Baltimore, Mr. Wigginton came around to offer me some pointers.

"You fellows were up against a tough pair," he said. "Malley has been playing well this season."



WAITING FOR A LUNCH AT THE BALTIMORE COUNTRY CLUB, AFTER THE ELIMINATION OF MERION. (From left to right) Jack Kramer, Merion, Wigginton.



SEEKING AUTOGRAPHS. Talker (left) and Wigginton (right) approach, later to discover that some of them. With the Long Wigginton, the Johns Hopkins Club.



I nodded. "They really blasted us off the court." Gaspar Mulloy, an eggogging muscular giant with a crew cut, was already a veteran of several years on the circuit. The powerful game he played, as partner of a player named George Foley, had been too much for me and my teammate, Jay Belts of Philadelphia. That was a quarter-final match—the third-from-the-last round. I had been put out of the singles earlier.

"You'll do better next year," Mr. Winchester assured me. "Where are you going from here?"

"I don't know," I said. "I'm trying to get into Seabright, but I haven't heard from them yet."

"That's not for another week or two. How would you like to go on to East Hampton in the meantime? They've sent down a call for a few fellows." He winked. "I guess the ladies up there have been after the committee to get them some extra men."

I hitched a ride to East Hampton with two other players—Jack Bushman, a dark, wiry guy from Louisiana State University, and Billy Gillespie, a boy just out of one of the eastern prep schools. We made the trip in high spirits, flushed with our first taste of the circuit and ready for anything waiting for us on the Maidstone Club courts.

Off the court, however, we weren't quite prepared to meet the very standards of the Long Island South Shore. The night of the tournament dance at Maidstone, I walked in with my eye peeled for a spectacular blonde girl I'd been introduced to at the matches that afternoon. As soon as we started to dance, I felt a hand on my shoulder. It was one of the club officials, and he wasn't cutting in.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Talbert," he said. "I'll have to ask you to leave the floor."

I looked at him in astonishment, wondering what I'd done.

"Dinner clothes required," he said quietly.

I glanced down at my well-pressed, hard-earned, but definitely nonformal, dark suit. "I didn't know," I said anxiously. "None of us brought any dinner clothes up from Baltimore." (I didn't mention that, as far as I knew, none of us owned any, in Baltimore or anywhere else.)

"Terribly sorry," he said, "but it's always been one of our rules."

I had to sit out the rest of the evening, but even from the sidelines it was a good party.

When I got to Newport a few weeks later and found myself invited to one of the debaucherous parties that kept the resort lit up at night, I borrowed a suit of dinner clothes. I didn't want to miss out on anything.

It was a magnificent affair, in a house of magnificent size. A half dozen of us young circuit neophytes went in convoy, all in borrowed or rented black-tie. We all trailed up to the front entrance behind a boy—who had

instead for Ocean City, N.J. and a tournament that the ranking players were bypassing. I not only got into the draw but actually won my first singles title. Two titles, in fact—since I not only took the singles cup, but also got my name on the doubles trophy, with Jack Bushman as my partner.

After a late-round match, when I went back to my room at the rambling old shore hotel where we were being housed, I found a note bearing as its letterhead the name of one of the handsome ladies seated in the back not far from the club. "I'd like you to be my partner," it said, above a signature well known in seaboard society.

That evening, I sat luxuriously in a deck chair gently rolling with the Atlantic swell, keeping an eye out for the white-crowned mess boy who was making his way among the guests, taking orders for Scotch and soda.

"Scotch and soda," I nodded, when my turn came.

I turned to my doubles partner. "Bushman," I said, "I don't know about you, but I never want to go home." I took a pull at my glass. "I'll bet I could even learn to like Scotch and soda."

A couple of days later we were traveling by bus and counting every dime it cost.

All summer long it was like that: a perpetual seaway from the depths of uncertainty to pinnacles of luxury and then again. Among us young players who were so dependent on private generosity for food and lodging, there was a healthy amount of griping about the setup, but there were certain realities of the situation which had to be faced—as some of the veteran players occasionally reminded us.

"The tournament committee knows most of you guys are making the tour on shoestring," one of the veterans assured a group of us at a house-party. "They know you haven't got the dough for a hotel and decent meals. But they've got just so much dough to spend themselves on players' expenses. And, you might as well face it, most of it goes for the big boys—Budge, Mako, Riggs, guys like that."

"Don't forget, though," somebody else put in, "you can't have a tournament with just three or four top guys. You need a lot of other players to fill up the draw."

"There are always plenty of 'other



ABOUT THE BOOK

This week, the life story of Billy Talbert's dramatic career is published in greatly expanded form in the book, *PLAYING FOR LIFE* by William F. Talbert with John Skaric (Little, Brown and Co., \$4). The distinguished color portrait by Philippe Halimi which appeared on *SEVENTEEN*'s cover also adorns the jacket of the book.

appointed himself our leader and moral mentor, his coincidentalness consisting of a couple of years at Princeton.

The door was swung open to a splendid-looking gentleman in a tall coat. Our leader gave him a broad smile, shook hands warmly, introduced himself, and then presented each of us (each dutifully smiling, each offering a firm hand) to the man at the door—the butler.

EN ROUTE from East Hampton to Newport, there were a number of other stops on the circuit, but it wasn't just a matter of catching rides from place to place. The Seabright invitation I'd been hoping for never did come through; Southampton also turned me down. Too many of the top players were starting to drift back from Wimbledon and the European tournaments, and there just wasn't room for many newcomers. I headed

or' players around," said the veteran. "Guys like you, just dying to play because that's the only way you can build up a record. You need the committee. They know you'll come, with or without being put up, as long as they'll let you in."

Sometimes, at one of the "cotton" players dealing with the tournament committees, I found that concessions had to be piled out of them, round by round. Once, for instance, I started playing a tournament with no expenses paid at all. After winning my first-round match, I was told I could take lunch at the club—only and a sandwich. When I was again, the offer was raised to lunch plus a room at a local hotel. After a third-round victory, I was given the full treatment—the hotel room and all my needs.

By the time I reached Newport, in mid-August, I was a recognized, if undistinguished, young member of the tennis troupe. What victories I had won had been against players of no more than second rank, a matrix that had stirred no great attention. I had yet to find a corner of the limelight. But if I was going to find it at all, Newport was a likely place. The field of players entered there was the best blend of the common and the

Hachman and I checked in at the big male dormitory above the Casino, where about 100 players were being lodged on cots. The place was alive with the kind of steady pandemonium you'd expect of any large pair of rooms in which several dozen young fellows had been thrown together.

"Hey, Tallert!" suddenly yelled
as we came in. "If you see the drag
boat?"

"No," I shouted back above the din. "We need not go."

"Well, don't bother to read past the second round."

My heart fell a notch. I'd been hoping to last long enough to make a decent impression. "Who did I get?" I asked.

"Oh, Ham, you lucky son-and-so.
And is he not handsome?"

¹¹⁷ "I never had a week," *Washington Post*, 1994.

"Don't count me out yet, big," I told him. "Any way, there's still the doubt. Maybe we've got an under draw there."

But when Bushman and I went downstairs a little later to look at the show for ourselves, the picture was very pleasant. We were watched against Alice and Van Ryn.

I laughed. "It's a good thing you

World's most
powerful radio
of its size!

[illegible]

ZENITH *The quality goes in
before the name goes on*



This
is the
main
the body
and was
a 30 page
with notes
on pages
elsewhere

These players think local money

"Incomparable" Maselli. Other pros who feel the same way about the ball include men like Ed Furgott, Peter Thomson, Gary Player, Paul Hahn, Ed Johnston and Harry Hootman. The good reasons for the Maselli's popularity are all built right into the ball. It's the most respected, most respected golf ball in the world. You'll know why when you try it... especially with a Dunlop wood or iron. Ask your pro - only he sells the Maselli.



You'll never know how good you are until you play **Dunkin'**

McNALLY, PETER A. & MARGARET COOPER. 1990. *Spreading Seeds Downstream: A Case of Invasive Plant*. *Science* 250: 1333-1334.

brought your lucky rabbit's foot. We might have drawn Budgens and Maiks."

Winner Allison and John Van Ryn were historic names in the game of doubles. They had won the national championships twice and had played together in a number of memorable Davis Cup matches. Just being on the same court with them was something to live up to.

Good doubles is indeed the most exciting of all spectator sports. It is full of action. The game is made up of sudden moves and countermoves, brilliant offensive thrusts and surprising retreats. It is not so much a game of power as of angles, with requirements of shotmaking and tactics all its own, demanding the keenest of anticipation and quickness of reflex. The very essence of the game is close-range combat, with all four players firing at each other late to face at the net.

Allison and Van Ryn played a beautifully coordinated game. In a typical maneuver, Van Ryn would force a member of the opposing team out of position with a low, sharply angled drive, or would force him into a weak return by hitting low down the middle. As the return came back, Allison would move across the net, cut off the return with a volley and punch it murderously into the opening his partner had set up. Sometimes Allison would "poach," moving across the center line into his partner's territory to make his volley. When that happened, Van Ryn would be backing him up, covering the spot Allison had left, in case the volley was returned.

Against such a pair of practiced campaigners, Jack Bushman and I, when we showed out on the court for our match, had no plan except to try to stay in the game. Tempting as it might be to try to pound Van Ryn's service back for an outright winner, I made my returns low and short, hoping to force an error or a weak return from him as he came charging to the net. I lobbed over Allison's head instead of trying to pass him. I measured my own service carefully, keeping speed to make sure the first one would be in, twisting high to the backhand side. At the net, Bushman played two volleys beautifully down the middle, leaving the alleys alone until the opening was sure. He scrambled for shots that seemed



"30 years of service, and still going strong—Moto-Mower is Built to Last!"

says ALBERT H. MINICK, JR. AND L. WAT.

"A Moto-Mower reel-type power mower served each year for nearly 30 years to mow a three-acre lawn at our country place. It was 'retired' a while ago when we bought a new Moto-Mower today. Since 'retirement' the reel has been used to mow my own lawn in town and helped turn a hayfield into a reasonably nice lawn. Moto-Mower is built to last! It is certainly smart to buy quality equipment. I can recommend a Moto-Mower to any one for long, dependable, trouble-free service."



MODERN "POWER-FLU"

Another Moto-Mower development! Transmission feeds power smoothly to the wheels... eliminates noisy, oil-flooding chains and friction drives.



WASH-TOUCH CONTROLS

Control of all operations of the handle including choke, operating speed, stop. Stand-up steering at handle waves bending, sloping, striding.



ETRA-STRONG DECK

Bugged, impact tested, dented aluminum deck has extra strength and durability... yet is lightweight and non-rattling. Non-scraping design.

FOR NEAREST DEALER—CALL WESTERN UNION, ASK FOR "OPERATOR 25"

MOTO-MOWER Inc.

SUBSIDIARY OF
DETROIT HARVESTER CO.
Bloomington, Indiana

impossible to retrieve and somehow sent them back.

We reached 4-4—a crucial point in a set. If we won the next game, they would have to win three to take the set. It was my turn to serve. I put the ball in play each time with great deliberation, careful not to waste a point by committing faults. Bushman guarded the net perfectly, and when Allison slapped back a careless return, Jack hammered it away for the winning point.

With the score now 5-4 in our favor, Van Ryn served. We lobbed, caught Allison going the wrong way on a peach, lost a couple of points on our own errors. It was our advantage, and set point—one more needed for us to win the set.

Van Ryn drove deep to my backhand. I put up a lob, realizing as I started forward toward the net that it was short and too low. Allison started back for it but hesitated just a fraction of a second too long and had to let it bounce. Van Ryn, coming up behind him, took it on his forehand and drove it right down the middle. I was there. I timed the ball just right and volleyed right back between them for the winning point.

The umpire called out, "Game and set, Bushman and Talbert." I tried to avoid gasping up in delight as the score 6-4 was mounted on the post beside the court. Some spectators began to leave after matches on the neighboring courts as word of an upset-in-the-making went around. But they began to drift away again as the second set went on. Allison and Van Ryn had got down to work. We were outmaneuvered and overpowered completely.

In the third set, Jack and I righted ourselves and fought back all the way. But we couldn't quite make it. It ended 4-6, 6-1, 6-4, and we were out of the tournament.

Nonetheless, Newport gave me my first small taste of fame. In *The New York Times*, there was a big headline on the tournament, and somewhere down in the story was the note that "William Talbert of Cincinnati, a young newcomer, surprised with the all-around soundness of his game." That was the first time my name had appeared in the *New York press* except as a line of small type in the tournament scores.

Winter Allison said it with less restraint on the evening after our doubles match. As I was taking a stroll

continued



Style 205
GRACEY LOAFER
Venezian
Black or Brown

Style 205
ROMA LOAFER
Black or
Imperial Green
Cordovan or
Wine or Black

Only
Nunn-Bush Shoes have
**THE
NUNN-BUSH
LOOK**

Ankle-Fashioning Gives Them "Second-Wind" Smartness...

If more enduring good looks were the only thing Ankle-Fashioning offered, it would still be worthwhile. But it also gives you superior fit, with persisting snug comfort and heel hug. Only Nunn-Bush Shoes are Ankle-Fashioned!

from \$19.95

First in Quality!

NUNN-BUSH

ANKLE-FASHIONED SHOES



Style 200
CHALKET LOAFER
Black or Brown or Gold
Well-Lined Leather Lining
Hand-Settle Leather Piping
Wash and Shine

NUNN-BUSH SHOE COMPANY • MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN
As Seen in News from 12,000

through the Newport streets, I met him leaving his hotel in dinner clothes. "Let me tell you," he said, "you were one hell of a tennis player on that court today."

THE next season I began to feel really at home on the circuit. People were beginning to know me, and though I still had no really big victories to my credit, I was doing well in my own bracket and occasionally giving the bigger fellows a hard time. I got my first national ranking in the men's class—No. 21 out of the 30 or so players regarded by the USTA as good enough to list. At the end of the year, I was invited to play in the Sugar Bowl Tournament, the winter sports festival in New Orleans.

It was an occasion that was almost fatal to me. From New Orleans I went on to play in Florida, and in Tampa, after several days of feeling increasingly listless, tired and upset, I succumbed to a serious diabetic coma. I was unconscious in my hotel room when a Cleveland businessman, Ray Poe, found me. He had stopped by my hotel and, alarmed when I failed to answer repeated phone calls, finally persuaded the desk clerk to let him into my room. Ray Poe saved my life—"a few more hours," said the doctor at the hospital, "and this boy would have been gone."

This debacle with my old enemy taught me a number of things. Obviously, I had underestimated this thing; I would have to reevaluate my situation as a diabetic completely. When I got back home to Cincinnati, I had to go all the way back through the mill of tests under a doctor's care. Since my old friend Dr. Walt was the only person really familiar with my case, I found myself at the Children's Hospital again—a 31-year-old "child" for whom an adult-size bed had to be brought in.

I spent a great deal of time with Dr. Walt talking over what I thought I had learned and trying to learn more. He was quick to listen. "I've always found I had something to learn from my patients," he said. "You're a lot closer to diabetes than I am."

"Well," I said, "I'm beginning to think I've been going at this whole thing wrong." I leaned forward in my chair. What I wanted to say was something on which I needed a doctor's assurance.

"The truth is that, as long as I've taken my insulin, I think I'm much better off if I do have a little too much sugar—I mean, what you and the doctors at the hospital used to say was too much. My blood sugar count ought to be a little high before I start playing a match. Then I won't be so apt to run the risk of an insulin reaction. There won't be so much chance of an emergency."

I leaned back. "I don't know about any other diabetic. That's just the way it seems to make the most sense for me."

It made sense not only for my future as a diabetic but also for my future on the tennis courts. When I began to think back over some of my matches I might have won and hadn't, I could see that the old habits of thinking about diabetes had been holding me back. How many times had there been when, on some crucial point, I hadn't been able to move quickly enough, or bring my racket around sharply enough? That was because my sugar level—my source of energy—was already a little too low. I might not be in any serious trouble yet, from the medical standpoint, but I might have taken an unnecessary loss in the game.

The answer, it seemed clear, was to be biologically prepared for the crucial points before they came. That meant always having sufficient sugar in my system to keep my game up to par. And that, in turn, meant also having enough insulin to keep the sugar from getting out of hand.

The doctor had the beginning of a solution to the problem. A new long-acting form of insulin had been developed just a year or two before—pentamix zinc insulin. Once injected, it released its effects slowly, over a period of 24 hours. It was, I realized as soon as I began to use it, a blessing of the proportions of the original discovery by Banting and Best. It simplified the cumbersome old routine of using the needle two or three times a day. One injection, first thing in the morning, would take care of me until the next day.

Now the question was to find the right combination of diet that would keep this insulin "occupied" in the body at all times and still leave enough of a sugar reserve to carry me through a tennis match. What I had to do now was to fill in the other factors to make up a new and more effective diabetic equation for myself as a tennis player.

With the doctor, that winter and spring, I kept going over the results of the tests I was taking. Between visits I read books and articles he lent me. Metabolism—the process by which the body converts food into energy and growth—became one of my favorite topics of conversation. The metabolism of tennis figured not only in my attempts to work out an effective diet but even in my ideas about the strategy and technique of the game.

My experience on the fast eastern grass courts hadn't changed the basic fact about tennis that I had noticed on the slower midwestern clay. On grass, the hard-hit shots scored more often, but the percentages still favored control over power.

The mathematics of the game show that only one out of every five points in a match is apt to be earned—that is, hit cleanly through or past the other player. Four out of five are served or errors. Without resorting to a slide rule, you can easily deduce that it doesn't pay to try to outserve every ball past the other man. The best chance of winning is to make sure you put the ball into the court and let the other fellow commit the errors.

THIS is percentage tennis. It isn't necessarily defensive tennis. In fact, the most effective way to play three-odds is by attacking. You have to move forward to the net an every opportunity, since this is the commanding position on the court. The defender is forced to make difficult, risky shots against you. If he is left, he may be able to pass you or drive you back with a well-placed lob. But he is more likely to miss or make a weak return. And the weak return is the one you can safely put away for that fifth point, the earned one.

Even sluggers like Budge, Kramer and Pancho Gonzales don't try to make every shot an earned point. They use their power as the basis of an attack. Behind a hard-hit serve or drive they come to net, ready to volley a return that is a little too soft or high.

I had realized from the beginning that I lacked the natural power of these players. Now I realized that as a diabetic I couldn't afford to play their way. The style is too energetic. I had to make up for lack of power by finesse. Controlled speed was what I was after—a game of attack based on careful preparation and

continued



An overnight stop is a vacation at
a Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge

YOUR HOST OF THE HIGHWAYS . . . because
you can count on comfortable, pleasant sur-
roundings, inviting facilities and good food to
break up that long drive. And always at
Howard Johnson's sensible prices, too.

FREE: Your easy-to-follow
Howard Johnson's Road Map show-
ing motor lodges and restaurants, loca-
tions. Go Howard Johnson's all the
way. Make your next vacation
trip will be the best one ever by wait-
ing for your copy today. Drop a card
to: Howard Johnson's Motor Lodges,
801 Buckle Street, Watrous, Minn.



HOWARD JOHNSON'S
Restaurants Motor Lodges

Ice Cream • Candies • Take-Home Frozen Foods

"Landmark for Sleepy Americans"



Knowledgeable people buy Imperial

because they have an educated taste
and a sense of value



Whiskey by Hiram Walker

BLENDED WHISKY • 94 PROOF • 20% STRAIGHT WHISKY, 4 YEARS OR MORE OLD
THE CANADIAN WHISKY • HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC., TORONTO, CANADA

firm control of my strokes... and from forward to serve I set to work to develop my own style, a style that combined swiftness and accuracy, with economy of movement, outside and away, sophisticated motion that might needlessly burn energy.

That summer of 1940 I went east with a feeling of new confidence. As I lugged my bag and my armload of freshly strung rackets into the Seashore Lawn Tennis & Croquet Club at Seabright, N.J., I felt a familiar rush of excitement. The locker room seemed more like home than the apartment I'd left in Cincinnati the day before. Still, I had a moment of uncertainty about retaining my place in the circle.

I dropped my luggage and made that first, automatic movement of a player arriving at a tournament—a look at the draw sheet.

"Who made up this draw?" somebody said over my shoulder. "Your mother? They're to go all the pushovers in your bracket."

"They're all pushovers for me this year," I said, replying to the gambit.

"Oh? You playing in the women's this season, Talbert?" one of the older players called over, in an innocent tone of voice. "Now just don't ruin your chances by being overconfident. Some of these girls are mighty sharp."

Jimmy DeFay, the personal caddy of the circuit, came in carrying a champagne bottle in a cooler crooked in one arm, with a goblet in his other hand. "Hello, Talbert," he said. "Where did you get that necktie? It couldn't have come from Ashtabula or Columbus or wherever it is you go between seasons." He put the cooler down gently on the bench in front of his locker, twisted the bottle between his hands like a corkscrew, pulled the cork, and while everybody watched—elegantly poured himself a champagne glassful of milk.

"Get your working clothes on, Talbert," he said. "and I'll play you a fast-out of singles. Five dollars on it." He looked around the room. "Anybody care to stake me?"

I was home again.

ONE EVENING, a year later in the Spring of 1941, I was sitting in the lobby of a hotel in Asheville, N.C., thinking about nothing but the tennis match I would be playing next afternoon: the final round of the Land of the Sky Tournament. So far,

I had given my best performance of the tour, and even though tomorrow's results might be a foregone conclusion, I would have nothing to apologize for.

Gil Hall, who had been my opponent in the semifinals that afternoon, tapped me on the shoulder. " Aren't you dressing for the party? If you'll hurry it up, I'll wait and give you a ride."

Tonight's party, at a distinguished country house in the hills outside Asheville, was going to be one of the biggest—nothing short of a private Murdins, judging by the talk around the clubhouse all week. It probably wouldn't be complete without old Gil, but I figured I'd better punt it up. I was playing Bobby Riggs the next day, and beating Riggs had become one of my great ambitions.

"I'm just going to sit here for a while and then turn in," I told him. "I'll wait to do my celebrating tomorrow."

Hall laughed. "You'd better celebrate beating me. Tomorrow you won't have any reason."

"You can't tell, Gil. I just might take Riggs this time."

Hall took my arm, and started easing me up from the chair. "He real tie, Billy," he said good-humoredly; "Bobby must have beaten you 25 straight times."

"Thirty-two," I said, "counting Jacksonville last month, and Houston, and a couple of other places in between."

"Then what are you doing here tonight, training for our third loss?"

I hesitated. "Is Riggs going to the party?" Whatever the reason, I still had that old hatred of being different.

"Probably. Everybody else is."

"O.K.," I said, getting up. "You talked me into it. Give me 15 minutes to shave and dress." What did I have to lose?

THE house was one of those vast Southern places in the Bourbon style. All along the portico, the tall windows were lighted up. Inside, an orchestra played from a stair landing the size of an ordinary living room. There must have been at least a hundred people there—dancing, chatting, eating from the elaborate buffet that extended down one whole side of a huge dining room, drinking the champagne that was carried through the house in endless relays by tray-bearing butlers.

Continued

Pennsylvania

ATHLETIC PRODUCTS

the real club champs



Superior performance with every stroke—that's what you get when you play Pennsylvania! Pennsylvania athletic products assure better performance... truer flight, sharper bounce and roll, finer "feel" and more accurate control. Send for Pennsylvania's complete full color catalog.

Golf balls—A grade and price for every golfer, featuring exclusive Stylin' Pearline.



Golf bags—Wide variety of styles and colors. Made with exclusive Stylin' Pearline.



Tennis balls—Give you the most positive feedback, better playability and longer wear.



"Preferred for Performance"

THE GENERAL TIRE & RUBBER COMPANY
PENNSYLVANIA ATHLETIC PRODUCTS DIVISION
AKRON, OHIO

Go Big League...GO MACGREGOR!



Big League! And they all wear MacGregor. In various ways, look to MacGregor for the finest quality and best performance. Love breaking hard batted "The Pad" construction and deep ball pocket are you better control of the ball. Grips. Good back finger shafts and bags for little finger and thumb mean added comfort. Preferred by the biggest growing list of professional players. See all the MacGregor mits and gloves at your dealer's. Go "Big League." Go MacGregor!

MacGregor

The Choice of Those Who Play the Game

THE MACGREGOR CO., Cincinnati 32, Ohio • BASEBALL • FOOTBALL • BASKETBALL • GOLF • TENNIS

Nadco

World's Finest Golf Carts

There's a Nadco just right for everyone... guaranteed and registered in owner's name. Complete price range.

Write for Catalog

Nadco Sporting Goods Co.
1637 W. Touhy, Chicago 43, IL



New Court Favorite!



- Plays like gut
- Stays livelier
- Lasts longer
- Gauge controlled
- Moisture immune

ALWAYS SPECIFY

ASHAWAY QUALITY STRINGS

VANTAGE	
VANTAGE Tennis	\$9
PRO-FECTED Tennis	\$7
Badminton	\$4
MULTI-PLY Tennis	\$5
Badminton	\$4

ASHAWAY PRODUCTS, INC.
Ashaway, Rhode Island

VALBERY is continued

Hours later I was still having the time of my life, caught up in the swirl of dancing that seemed to be going on in every room. A tall Englishwoman named Angie, with whom I had spent a good part of the evening, cut in on me. "Here you are, you silly American boy," She put a glass into my hand. "I want to propose a toast. To your first victory over Mr. Riggs tomorrow... this afternoon."

"This afternoon? What time is it, anyway?"

"Four o'clock," somebody offered.

"Oh, you forgot hours! Anguished. "To hell with your silly Mr. Riggs and your silly tennis match. Let's join the booze line." She grabbed my arm, and we went flying off again into the swirling lines of dancers.

For the finish of the Land of the Sky tennis tournament, the next afternoon, I had to change directly from my dinner clothes into my white flannels. I had got back from the party only a couple of hours before, with just about time for a long cold shower in between. That, plus my usual morning insulin and breakfast, was the extent of my training for my 33rd match against one of the greatest tennis players in the United States.

Bobby Riggs was a player with B to weakness—and no real strengths; rather, except the all-out petard now to get the ball into the court. He returned everything. His own shots were delivered, like the paradoses back to back "junkies" as President Roosevelt of the Yankees, with a baffling variety of speeds. He was the percentage player par excellence, and there was no sense in trying to outlast him at his own game, especially since I figured to be short on stamina after the long night of partying. My only hope was to hit with a little more speed and accuracy than usual and try to get the points over quickly.

The match started according to form. Bobby, serving, took the first game with no trouble. I came back on my own serve to win the second. Another sequence of set-backs, and we stood at 2-0. Surprisingly, I felt perfectly fit. I found myself responding to every situation on the court as sharply as ever.

When Riggs came up on my serve for the third time, I started to push a little. On the first point, I tried a difficult cross-court shot off my back-

hand. It caught Bobby going the wrong way and spun into the center for a winner. I followed it with another backhand land down the line into the opposite corner. Another point, and Riggs was bored on his own service.

There was a small clatter of applause, and Bobby smiled. He seemed relaxed and even somewhat lighthearted, and before he had a chance to tighten up the pace, I hit another couple of good winners and won the game. He pulled even at 4-4, and again at 5-5. But it was I who was hitting the good shots. Bobby was having trouble.

I broke his serve again and held my own—with a loss of only three points in those two games. It was my set, 2-0, and I was feeling better and stronger with every point.

Keeping the pressure on, I ran up a lead of 5-1 in the second set before Riggs caught his balance. Then it became just like all the other times—all those 32 frustrating matches in the past. I rushed the net behind a perfect forehand return, and Riggs patterned all the way across the court, got his racket on the ball and sent up a perfect lob over my head. I hit it back, and he drop-shotted perfectly, just over the net. I served—deep to the backhand side—and Riggs fooled me with a soft cross-court placement shot. The serve went to 5-4, and this tale was running Bobby's way now.

During the change of court, I took a small sip of orange juice just to be safe. I didn't really feel as if I needed it. Riggs, on the other hand, looked tired. Damn it, I told myself, all I need is one game, and he'll never be able to catch me. I just can't lose him this time!

I took up my stance at the base line. He'd expect me to play it safe. I thought: I've got to cross him up.

I went for an ace on my first serve—and got it, the ball skidding sharply down the center line. Riggs tensed for the next shot, his hands clenched on the handle of his racket. I poured in another; it twisted off the wood of his racket for an error. Another error, one that should have been an easy volley for Riggs; then a couple of errors on my part as I became over-anxious; finally, a long rally which ended at last when I took the net and brought off an overhead smash that even Bobby couldn't reach. It bounced high off the court and into the stands.

Just that moment, I realized the

Now! Philco "Brief-Case" Portable TV with remote control for only \$189⁰⁰



Philco New-Matic Blender Seventeen

"You," say, "change channels please." New Matic doesn't with a remote! Blender Seventeen is 11 1/2 inches thin! Has a 6 1/2 inch screen. New two tone colors, sound baffles, and elegant handles. Bright, sharp 25 inch, vertical diagonal picture! Personal Products Incorporated, Chicago, Illinois. See Philco Remote Control Portables at your dealer's and!

PHILCO

step into
Spring

in the snug comfort of
Wigwam
SOCKS

Spring in the air... and spring in your walk... when you wear Wigwam Socks. Any weather... any purpose... these are the famous "wiggles" that give Wigwam socks their name. They're STAY-SOFT! They're built for comfort... for every walk you'll ever desire... for every day... for every place... for every purpose... and for every kind of weather.

WIGWAM SOCKS, INC., Delabegon, Wisconsin
McComb, Hanson, Mill, Inc., Hall, Quebec

For every sport and everyday wear too!



Your beer tastes better ...when you add GUINNESS!

Any beer you like and a bottle of GUINNESS... that's how you make "half-and-half."

Fill a glass with some of each...and discover a new taste in beer!

A deeper, throatier, more furiously-tasting taste, too. It comes from adding barley malt to your beer...the malt that GUINNESS is so rich in. Even the ruby color that GUINNESS adds to your glass comes from roasted barley malt. As brew-

ers and maltsters can tell you, a malt brew tastes better...it adds wonderful new flavor to other beverages, too!

By adding it to beer, you get more goodness with GUINNESS. The hearty taste of imported GUINNESS is just the thing for guests.

For your next entertaining why not buy some GUINNESS to mix with it? At food stores, delicatessens, supermarkets. Or where beer is served!

Just ask for GUINNESS!

IMPORTED BY RUGGLES FOOD IMPORTING CO., HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

VALBERT II continued

grand had expected Riggs to take over at any time he chose and proceed to polish me off in his usual fashion. Now they must have sensed, as I had, that the ex-champ was in real trouble. I had him two sets to none, needing one more and so it goes under way, the crowd began applauding every point, whichever way it went.

Most of them were going my way. I felt loose and exhilarated, hitting every shot firmly and easily. With a big lead, I could afford to take chances, and the risks kept paying off—hard hit first serves, sharp drives aimed straight for the corners, drop shots from a little farther back in the court than they could be safely played.

In that last set, Riggs was just another player, and I was on top of my game—far above it, in fact. Twice I broke his service; he couldn't seem to handle mine. With the score 6-2 against him, he put up a last flurry of resistance, trying to wrench the game back into his preferred pattern of long rallies. I refused to give up the offensive. He fired a drop shot to my backhand. I missed it, picked it up and cracked it back diagonally to his backhand. Retreating to distract for the job, I reached it and drove it down his backhand side. A lunge by Riggs, rallying back to my forehand... again, I was waiting for it. I lobbed this time, forcing him back. Now I rushed to the net and happily watched Bobby's return sail out of court.

I had beaten the country's No. 2 player, the former United States champion, and the most notorious nemesis I had ever met. And I had beaten him without the loss of a set—7, 5, 6, 4, 6, 2. The gallery sent me off the court with a standing ovation.

That, as some tennis reporters noted in an account of the tournament, was the biggest upset in the season. For me, in my fourth year of big-time tennis, it had an even sharper private meaning: it was a really important victory against the confines of diabetes. I had never dared to head the rules so far—and so successfully. Whatever scars diabetes may once have cut into my spirit, I felt healed over by now. I was a whole man.

NEXT WEEK

A doubles triumph... Marriage and a job... Davis Cup captain... My debt to tennis and how I paid it.



VAN CORTLANDT, IN THE BRONX, OLDEST U.S. MUNICIPAL COURSE, WAS BUILT IN 1880, SURVIVES IN SIGHT OF CITY SKYSCRAPERS

Population's Pressure on Golf

Unless private clubs and/or communities act early, says Park Commissioner Moses, even suburban links will be plowed under

by ROBERT MOSES

THE age of the private, suburban golf course within 20 miles or so of any large city is drawing to a close. Along with the big summer houses and the squirearchy, the private club must make out to where there are more acres and fewer people. Unfortunately, golf gauges, their backs to city towers, sit amid the ghosts of departed club champions and, to the pleasant background music of shaker and ice rubs, stare out on a thousand picture windows overlooking the 19th hole, unmindful of bulldozers and doom. They defy car manufacturers, road builders and promoters, and prefer instead to listen to some aging Horatius, holding the bridge as in the brave days of old.

I venture the assertion that before another 20 years go by there will be

not more than 20 genuine private golf clubs in the New York area within 20 miles of the hub of the city. New York, of course, being the nation's largest city, is an extreme example. But what is true of it is, in proportion, true of every other expanding city in the U.S.

Thirty years ago there were 26 private or semipublic golf clubs within the comparatively narrow confines of New York City. Today, there are four—none, of course, on Manhattan Island, none in The Bronx, none in Brooklyn. There are just two on Staten Island. Only two are left in Queens, which now has a burgeoning population of nearly 2 million, mostly in one-family houses, occupying little rectangular wedges of what before were truck farms, unkempt vacant

fields, meadows, road, pent and shorn.

When I speak of a semipublic golf course I mean one which used to be a genuine membership club but is opened up to the public on a limited pay-as-you-play basis while the owners are getting ready for public works, subdivisions or sale-to institutions. One such club in the borough of Queens has recently been extinguished, and Oakland is going fast (see next page). We condensed them for bridge approaches and expressways and as sites for homes moved out of the path of those new arteries.

Similar attrition has taken place in the New York suburbs. In 1932, for example, there were 61 private courses in Westchester and 33 in Nassau. Today, there are 10 in Westchester and 24 in Nassau, a loss of 46 private courses in just two suburban counties. To be sure, a few of the former suburban private courses have become public; that is, they are now municipally or state owned.

From the point of view of relative

continued

THIS YEAR—
ADD

THE SOVIET UNION

TO YOUR
EUROPEAN
TRIP!

In just 2 to 4 hours of flying time from the major cities of Europe—your fascinating odyssey of the Soviet Union begins. 30 different international itineraries offer travel from Moscow and Leningrad to the pearl-encrusted shores of the Black Sea and the magnificent beauty of Central Asian cities.



LENNINGRAD
AND MOSCOW

10 DAYS

Here you will see the Russian Museum and the Hermitage, Island parks, museums of Leningrad, in Moscow, visit the State University and points of tourist interest.

22 DAYS LENNINGRAD, MOSCOW, SOCHI, TIFLIS, KHARKOV, MOSCOW

The grand tour of Russia—taking it great cities of the Soviet Union, taking you deep into the heart of the continent. Besides planned excursions, there is time for your own exploration.

For complete information please contact —

YOUR TRAVEL AGENT

or

INTOURIST

45 West 37 Street, New York 18, N. Y.

PRESSURE ON GOLF continued

recreational values in terms of number of participants, golf is an expensive game. It takes much previous capital to afford benefits to relatively few people. Therefore, urban and suburban, golf, as population grows and pressure for parks increases, becomes something of an extravagance. I mention this not to challenge the virtues of golf or to irritate or discourage golfers, but to indicate that there are disturbing factors which conspire to force golf farther into open country.

Despite the fact that it requires space and leisure, I believe that golf is found somewhere under public and private auspices to survive population densities and the fast tempo of modern life. The game's prestige in its origin, and perhaps after a long aristocratic interlude it is destined in large measure to be returned to the people. In any event, it is not likely to become obsolete because of administrative obstacles.

MANY things can happen that will deprive a city of a much-needed course. I recall taking the late Mayor Fiorello La Guardia to have a look at the abandoned Idlewild field. One of those commutes—the Honorable Fiorello sponsored when the corporation, seized from the Corporation of Idlewild, later International Airport of which, for my sins, I was chairman, was beginning to pump hydraulic fill from Jamaica Bay. As the field grew, the old golf course was quickly swallowed. In three or four had pumped 70 million cubic yards. The cost was \$4 million municipal swankers before we even planted beach grass. On this inspection I quoted to the mayor from *Through the Looking Glass*:

The Walrus and the Carpenter
Were walking close at hand;

They kept like anything to see
Such quantities of sand. . . .

The mayor replied, "That's lousy verse." The point is that even with burial of a private golf course.

New highways have doomed many a course. To build state parkways back in the '30s we were a strip of the Wheatley Hills (old) Club and chewed up a considerable part of the Meadow Brook Country Club, one of the oldest in this country and famous for its layout. The golf members at Meadow Brook were outraged. They probably should have moved right then, but they didn't.

Some 25 years later the new Meadow Brook Parkway cut through the golf course and polo fields and forced them out. They moved only another five miles away—which was a mistake. Through the Long Island Expressway will take part of their new land.

But what generally happens to a private suburban golf course as the county or town is populated by commuters? The fate that befalls them all is a rapidly rising property assessment and tax collection, suddenly watched by small neighborhood neighbors who insist that the clubs pay their share of the cost of schools and other services, steeper upkeep and sharp reductions of the number of nearby well-to-do residents.

Look at some assessment figures covering the last two or three decades and bear in mind that even the last decade do not anywhere near reflect true values. Investment assessed valuations have more than doubled and some have more than tripled.

A municipality can do just as much to alleviate the situation. In the last quarter century, New York City has built two new 18-hole courses—two within Queens and Spitz Rock in The Bronx. In addition, nine holes were added to the existing 18-hole course in Richmond and an 18-hole pitch and putt course was built at Jacobus Park in Queens. The city also has a 27-hole golf course under way at Marine Park in Brooklyn, proposes to build a 27-hole course at Idlewild Park in Queens and an 18-hole pitch and putt course at Great Kills Park in Richmond. It should be noted that the first municipal golf course was built at Van Cortlandt Park in New York City in 1889. We reconstructed it later, also rebuilt the adjacent racetrack, known as Monticello, and both links are now functioning.



REMOVED BY COURTESY, North Hill course of two private golf clubs left in Queens.



GRADUALLY GROWING, Oaklawn is Queens' longest-established center for housing.

ing and, I may add, overcrowded. A total of 200,187 rounds were played on the 50 city courses last year.

On Long Island, we arrived just in time to put a halt to rampant subdivisions of our great golf property. We learned that the Lenox Hills course at Bethpage in the Manhett foothills, 20 miles from New York, might be disposed of. I persuaded the owners to take 27 1/2-acre tax-exempt lands of a state authority, hastily rigged up for the purpose, for the land. We took title and improved the existing course and built three additional public courses, with Harry Hopkins' relief money. Now there is a 50th course with a clubhouse at the hub of the wheel, the only layout of 90 holes in the world. All it required to achieve this was ingenuity.

The net score for future city and nearby golf in a sense isn't bad, but it is, no doubts there for increasing public demands. Obviously, this leaves a great deal to the private clubs. But when a private 125- or 175-acre city or suburban golf club is assessed for \$1.5 million or more and has to pay annual real property taxes of \$60,000 or \$70,000, you can be sure it assumes the mantle of responsibility with some trepidity.

To meet the challenge, some clubs have been forced to take in more and more boarders, many of the non-golf house members. Other links have moved out farther, taking advantage of the new parkways, expressways and thruways, out to Exumia, which begins 20 miles from town and extends to 50 miles. Beyond this radius, we are dealing largely with vacation and weekend people. There are also some interesting and promising trends toward industrial ownership. For example, the private dog-gone Golf Course at Sands Point

(Continued)

BLENDED WHISKY 40-50% ALC. (80-100 PROOF) • 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS • CONTAINS NO ADDING ORP • 12.5 FL. OZ.

WINNING COMBINATION
New! Powerful!

CRAY-SIMPLEX frames

Mixing with our Prolex, visually apparent, world famous CRAY-SIMPLEX frames of Sublimex-10000, black, tinted and white.

Designed to suit your individual style, gives you the most powerful, beautiful, better looking, and most yourself to better play today.

CRAY-SIMPLEX Co.

Specialists since 1912
180 Marck St., New York 13, N. Y.

you'll love your
Hopkins FILTERMASTER
too

THIS IS THE YEAR OF THE DIPLOMAT

ONLY MADE BY THE DIA/PHILOS

An emphasis on elegant style and distinctive design—400 years!

GALA PREMIERE SEASON

20,000 sq. ft. of space, a championship Golf Course, City Mall, Post, Garden & Park, Renaissance Festival.

Write for brochure / see your Travel Agent

for the cleanest water, at the lowest cost, with the least effort—you need a Hopkins filter on your pool. Features first glass-lined filter tank. Write for details.

From Catalog P
HOPKINS EQUIPMENT CO., HATFIELD, PENNA.

Name _____

Address _____

19TH HOLE The readers take over

WISDOM: WITH AGRICULTURE

View: Four articles by Mr. Aronson and Tom Hensley in *Tennis*, *Arms* and *Shooting*, April 16, 17 and 20, are the most logical and interesting golf series that I have ever read.

—NORMAN M. BATTEN

Details

View: I hope all working golfers have been reading your articles in *Tennis*, *Arms* and *Shooting*.

I am a 12-handicap golfer, whose only claim to fame was a hole-in-one. As a father mother of three teenagers, I now only have time to play about once a week. So far, I have read your series on golfing around 80. Then I read the first installment of Mr. Aronson's series; the next time I played, I had an 84. After the second installment I shot an 81. I have just finished the third article and can scarcely wait to play again. I'm sure I will at least break 80, my dream for 20 years.

—MRS. HENRY W. WRIGHT

San Mateo, Calif.

AN WILDERNESS (CONT.)

View:

The letter from Mr. Henry W. Wright of the Western Oil and Gas Association (19th HOLE, April 16), like other products of the petroleum industry, produces heat without light and smoke up the chimney. Mr. Wright's position is based on the Western Oil and Gas Association's membership not wanting to release living a single acre of land which they might capture, as

matter what its cost to future generations (which Mr. Wright probably thinks of as an independent question).

Mr. Wright probably does not mind the petroleum industry's setting up special oil price controls for tax purposes. This is a natural thing to do in a special struggle by the government. This industry may well need this treatment to survive.

The remaining wild measures—something very special, too. Wilderness demands help none of it may seem rational and clear. We "write it off." It is gone forever. Would the petroleum industry be willing to leave itself with as little protection as the wilderness? —Tom Hensley

The reason the wilderness is being opened to some special interest groups is that they realize how poorly protected the wilderness areas are at present, and how that need to be changed.

I have had the pleasure of being the visitor on several Sierra Club park trips in California, Montana and Wyoming. These trips are not for Mr. Wright's "Park Avenue conservationists." The total daily cost is about that of a motel room. What a wonderful surprise it is to find that I have no professional problems to treat. People undergo a wonderful transformation in unpolluted areas. They enjoy living again.

I hope and pray that I can walk through these same mountains with my children and their grandchildren, with my grandchildren. If the wilderness bill does pass, I may live to see this dream come true. If it does not pass, I may drive to the same spot with my grandchildren, but

Golfers FREE "THE COMPLETE GUIDE TO GOLF"

144 PAGES—OVER 100 PHOTOS—COMPLETE TEXT

GOLF

By applying with membership in the Author's Club Plan of America, you will not only receive a copy of this book, but also a \$10.00 cash bonus. (The \$10.00 cash bonus is in addition to the \$10.00 cash bonus you will receive when you join the Author's Club Plan of America.)

By applying with membership in the Author's Club Plan of America, you will not only receive a copy of this book, but also a \$10.00 cash bonus. (The \$10.00 cash bonus is in addition to the \$10.00 cash bonus you will receive when you join the Author's Club Plan of America.)

By applying with membership in the Author's Club Plan of America, you will not only receive a copy of this book, but also a \$10.00 cash bonus. (The \$10.00 cash bonus is in addition to the \$10.00 cash bonus you will receive when you join the Author's Club Plan of America.)

GOLFERS CLUB PLAN OF AMERICA
Executive Office 1700 Broadway, N. Y. 10

Try it in
delicious
Planter's Punch

DAGGER
Jamaica Rum for
FLAVOR

8 YEARS OLD
97 Proof • Schieffelin & Co., N. Y.

THE BALD-STAR TEAM

View:

Congratulations on your 1970 Book of the Year (51, April 13), especially for your quality of player photographs. The team with cap may be traditional but the color page of awards and personality. Thank you for your photographs.

—WILLIAM F. NICK

Thanking You

View:

I would agree that an additional requirement for a world-beating player, before testing and taking, is that he be a "baldie." In fact, he has to be. With a baldie, it is almost a sure thing that you can field a whole side of championship players. No wonder they seldom shed their caps.

—JIM P. PARKER

NO MORE CAPS

See right for Sports Illustration's Bald-Star Team. In the bullpen but not shown, now might be Arthur Rowhammer and Fletcher Red Wilson.—Kit



STEEL POWER CENTER

First Flight GOLF BALL

"INCREASES distance, REDUCES hooks and slices!"

Jimmy Demaret
Mastor's Champion
3 TIMES

SOLD ONLY IN PRO SHOPS
FIRST FLIGHT CO., Chattanooga, Tenn.

New Electric PAINT SPRAYER

\$12.95

See right for Sports Illustration's Bald-Star Team. In the bullpen but not shown, now might be Arthur Rowhammer and Fletcher Red Wilson.—Kit

Refreshing Thought



You can ALWAYS
drive with an
A. R. A.
Auto Air Conditioner

Wherever automobiles are air-conditioned, A.R.A. is your best buy . . . here is craftsmanship with a past, luxury with economy, performance with noblest oblige, styling to delight Auntie Maime. See and try the prestige PASS-PORT trunk unit, or the color-accented DIRECT-AIR® and EXECUTIVE dash units.



A. R. A. MANUFACTURING COMPANY
Box 695, Grand Prairie, Texas

Consult Yellow Pages for dealer listings, or write for name of nearest dealer.

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

A Five Day, weekly publication

52 ISSUES
Starts in 1958

Please send 52 weekly issues of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to:

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Country _____

The above subscription is for the Please bill me for \$2.50 at the same address.
Start a new Start it at the end of my current subscription

The above subscription is a gift. Please bill me for \$2.50 at this address.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____ Zip _____
Country _____

(This card good only for subscriptions sent to continental U.S. and Canada)

5-5425

10TH HOLE included

them here, see and send in all golf and let them gaze in disbelief, staggered into moments which once were passed with fast play.

GILBERT H. LANG, M.D.
Harrison, Texas

Sir:

If a wilderness advocate professes a trackless domain to the wreckage of easy access, subjects himself to the third world hole, "Earth Avenue environmental?"

Mark one thing: an age that advances (discovery), the obsolescence of civilization, and whose judgment of a man is confined to his wealth or to his public notoriety needs desperately, second to second last time, the antipodal sympathy of a wilderness.

J. B. WILSON

Applon, Wis.

BRILLING CAT AND SCOW

Sir:

Carlton Mitchell's report on *Esquire* magazine's One of a Kind Regatta at Miami (The Cat Guide & Mollusk, 31, March 5) leaves such a one-sided impression on the reader that in spirit of fair play, I feel it is my duty to bring public attention to the actual regatta.

First of all, the One of a Kind series started out in 1949 as a contest between existing sailboat designs of various types. These designs include their own catboats, the most numerous, and sailboats of all types. The development in these classes, particularly the catboats, has been so rapid that the regatta has become a one-sided affair. All of the most beautiful boats have been built.

The catboats are a renegade lot of experimental craft with no fixed-line specifications to adhere to. Thus, an experiment and development may take place and more designed to make the rest of the One of a Kind regatta obsolete. As a matter of fact, the first four boats on the list which produce the most speed and full-length hulls. If these two elements were taken into consideration, the regatta, then certainly the One of a Kind regatta should have been a one-sided affair. These two considerations, if being discussed, the regatta of the hull or hulls must be considered. If full-length hulls are desired, a one-sided regatta must be considered because almost 75% of the regatta is built out in the hull with full-length hulls. Another point for a full formula is the displacement factor or weight of the hull, which is a very important factor in the regatta. It is important to make the regatta a one-sided affair up well on the corrected-line standing.

Now, it is clear that the regatta is not a one-sided affair. The regatta has been developed into a craft of superior, good and is an open one, only in the regatta of their development. Another factor is their good showing, which is a one-sided affair.

There was a tendency of beating to weather and a maximum of close racing. Courses were laid out with weather in mind, the normal racing grounds could not be used, either at all or to any advantage. This was true in every regatta and it was a one-sided affair. If the regatta

trials were to test the fastest speed over the water at which the craft could travel, the choice of direction should have been up to the individual boat to select. The A scow, for instance, would select a broad reach with parachute spinnaker set, but this choice was not offered. There was no complaining about many such facts as these because all who participated had a marvelous time and are thankful to both Yachting and the Coral Reef Yacht Club. But the true picture should be presented to the public.

And let's again remind the readers that a representative of one of the oldest sailing classes in the country, started in the 1890s, the Class A scow, won every race, boat for boat, quite handily, even when the courses were stretched in its defense.

MAYNARD W. MEXIA

Milwaukee

• "I agree with most of the points Mike Meyer makes," says Carleton Mitchell, "and had no desire to slight the scows in my report on Yachting's One of a Kind Regatta. Certainly a great thrill of my sailing lifetime came from being aboard the Class A scow in the first two races."

"There is no doubt the rating formula is not equitable and leaves many loopholes. Bob Bavier, who established the formula, would be the first to agree. He points out the rule was never devised to make for even racing between boats radically different in type, but rather to determine the fastest boats that could be devised to a given length and sail area. There is also no question that it is unfair to race vessels conforming to rigid class requirements against others built without limitations. For this reason, perhaps there will be a division of classes in future regattas."

"Yet a basic purpose and interest of the competition is not merely to see which power type is fastest, but to create boats still faster and consequently more exciting to sail. Thus, to me, the outstanding aspect of the recent regatta was the performance of the catamarans. Rating and all other considerations aside, there can be no question they went phenomenally. A true breakthrough had been achieved, impossible to dismiss by terming them 'a resegade lot of experimental craft.' More power to them and all forward design."

"Instead, why not try beating them with a stepped-up scow? Harry Melges told me it would be possible to build a Class B scow 500 pounds lighter than the present class requirement of 385 pounds. Why not? And add full-length battens and trapezes and anything else that should make her go faster. She would be eligible as an experimental vessel—the same as the cats this year—and perhaps would be the next step ahead, along with the hydrofoils which eventually will appear to challenge the cats."—ED.



BEACH HAT IMPORTED BY MARGARIS



LIGHTING LAMP BY ALTAMIER



TABLE BY BRANCOLO



GRUER PIPE BY PRATELLI ROMA



FRAMES IMPORTED BY LUGENE



SCOWS BY BERGIAN

FOND OF THINGS ITALIANO? TRY A SIP OF GALLIANO

For everything from beach hats to briar pipes, if it's chic these days, it's usually made by a fine Italian hand. Galliano, for example, is the liqueur of those who adventure in taste. Describe it? Never. You must taste it.

Behind the Galliano Mist... shaved ice in an Old Fashioned glass, splashed with 1 1/2 ozs. of Galliano, and topped by the juice of 1/4 very fresh lime.

80 PROOF. IMPORTED BY
AMERSON & ROBERTS, INC., N. Y.



BURGESS *Radar-Lights* *Perfect Companions* FOR THE **SPORTSMAN**

BURGESS portable lights are corrosion proof, waterproof, long battery life—up to 4 times as long as old-fashioned lantern batteries.



Radar-Lite

Powerful sealed beam spotlight—ideal for car, home, sport! \$10.45 with battery.



Radar-Lamp

Bright, safe light of the kind you see on the road. For home, camp, tent or boat. Choice of copper, \$8.75 with battery.



Radar BEARCAT

Rugged, forcing lantern beam—waterproof, bright beam. \$3.75 with battery.

FLASHLIGHT BATTERIES

Leakproof, sealed-invent, always protected. Fully guaranteed against flashlight damage.

Ask Your Dealer For BURGESS

BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
DIVISION OF SERVEL, INC.
FRIEPORT, ILL. • NIAGARA FALLS, CANADA

Pat on the Back



COLORADO SKI TEAM

'Seven kids who wouldn't quit'

Downhill skiing in all of 25 years old is the U.S. Middle-aged trail blazers, who can recall the installation of the first ski tow (1934, in Vermont), are increasingly faced with their own early adolescence: U.S. skiers are getting better and younger every year.

Just the other day 200 youngsters from 13 eastern and western colleges took part in the NCAA championships held at Winter Park, Colo. The new champions are undergrads at the University of Colorado, dark-horse contenders who have achieved more through the old college try for the team than through outstanding individual performance.

Colorado is coached by Bob Beattie (standing, left), a recent college star from Middlebury. Beattie, only a few years older than his charges,

leads his boys by example and persuasion rather than by injunction. They in turn seem to give a little more than their expected best out of admiration rather than from a concern for personal glory.

Colorado came in first in only one event: Dave Butts (standing, right) took the jump with a 163-footer, also earned the skislater title as best all-round performer. The remainder of Colorado's 549.4 points (half a dozen points more than second-place Denver) came through consistent though unspectacular efforts in the slalom and downhill events by (seated, left to right) Frank Brown, Norris Durham, Gary Gisle, Bob Gray and (standing) John Densdahl and Harold Shaeffer. As Coach Beattie put it: "I had seven kids who wouldn't quit."



Truval sport shirts



in luxurious new COTRON[®]

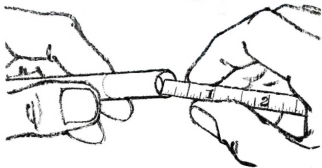
Fabrics with the ease of Wash & Wear and the look of luxury

Best looking way to relax... Truval's handsome new prints in fabulous washable Cotron, specially created by Lowenstein. TOP LEFT: Button-down taper-tailed style in handsome petit-point design. Rich madder colors. \$2.95. TOP RIGHT: Neck, all-over figure with permanent stays collar. \$2.95. BOTTOM LEFT: Ivy button-down with box pleated back—Truval's taper-tailed Trim Fit model. Heraldic shield motif—\$2.95. BOTTOM RIGHT: Authentic Ivy button-down in Truval's Trim-Fit Styling... smart polo-style design. \$2.95. For store nearest you write Truval Shirt Co., Inc., 350 Fifth Avenue, New York City. AMERICAN VISCOSE CORPORATION, 350 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 1, N.Y.

*Trademark of American Viscose Corporation for fabrics made of Cotron and Rayon by Rayon



The most important $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in smoking today



Parliament is not the only cigarette that does a good job of trapping nicotine and tar. But Parliament is the only leading high-filtration cigarette that recesses its filter $\frac{1}{4}$ inch to prevent filter feedback on your lips and tongue.

Someday all filter cigarettes will probably be made this better way. But today you can get this years-ahead design only from Parliament—the world's most experienced filter people.



HIGH FILTRATION APRIL REPORT

No other cigarette combines Parliament's high filtration and recessed protection. (Confirmed by April analysis of all leading high-filtration cigarettes by the United States Testing Company, a leading independent testing laboratory.)

*Tobacco tastes best
when the filter's recessed*

Popular Price **Parliament**